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CARRIER CATAPULT

Is It Smarter For Us To Take *Live* Jap Prisoners?

PAGES 10 & 11

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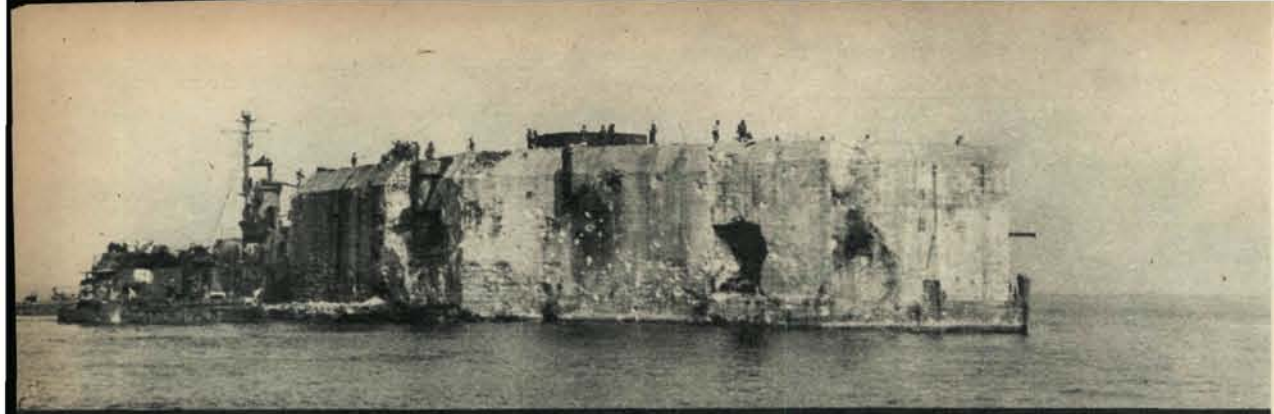
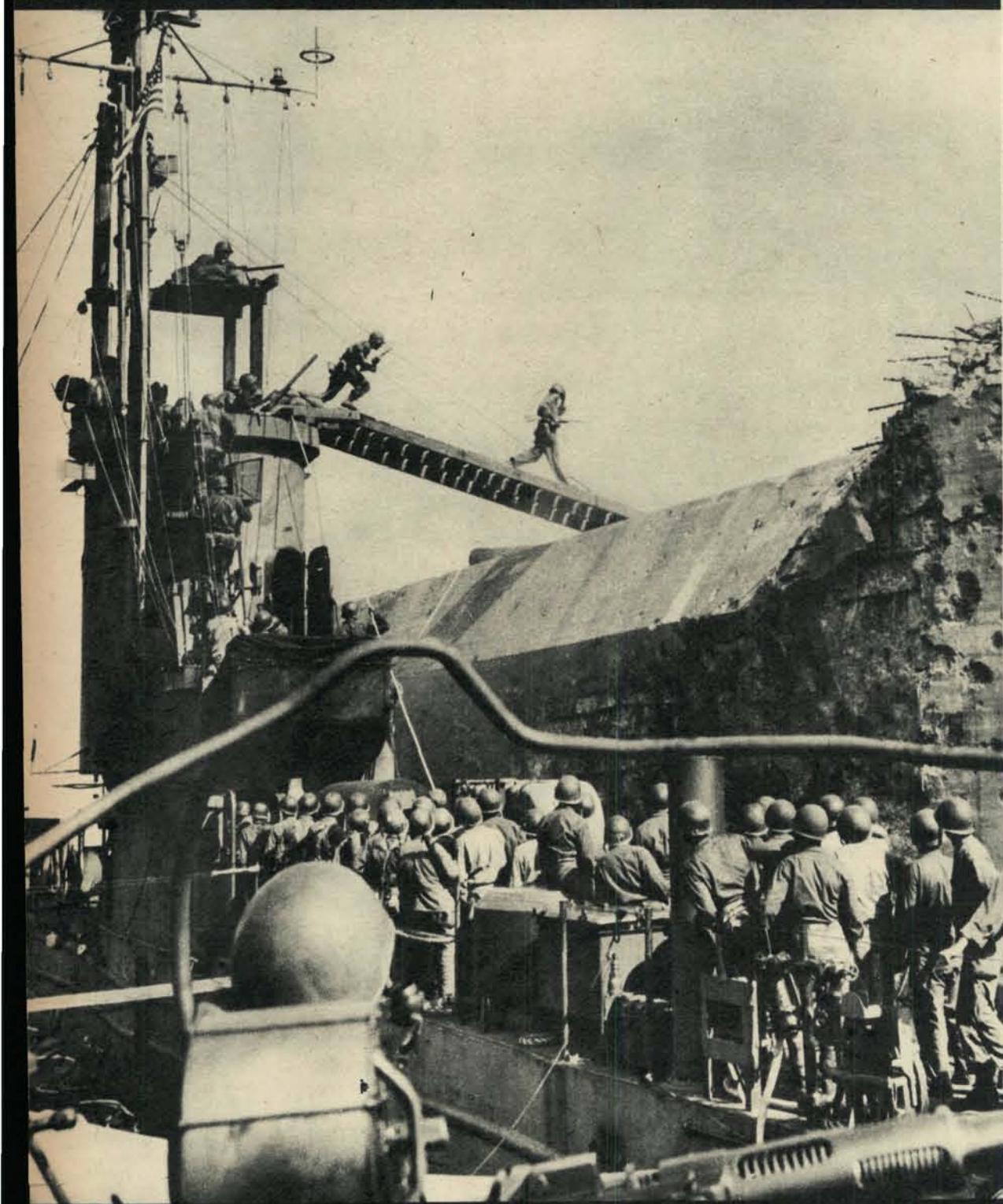


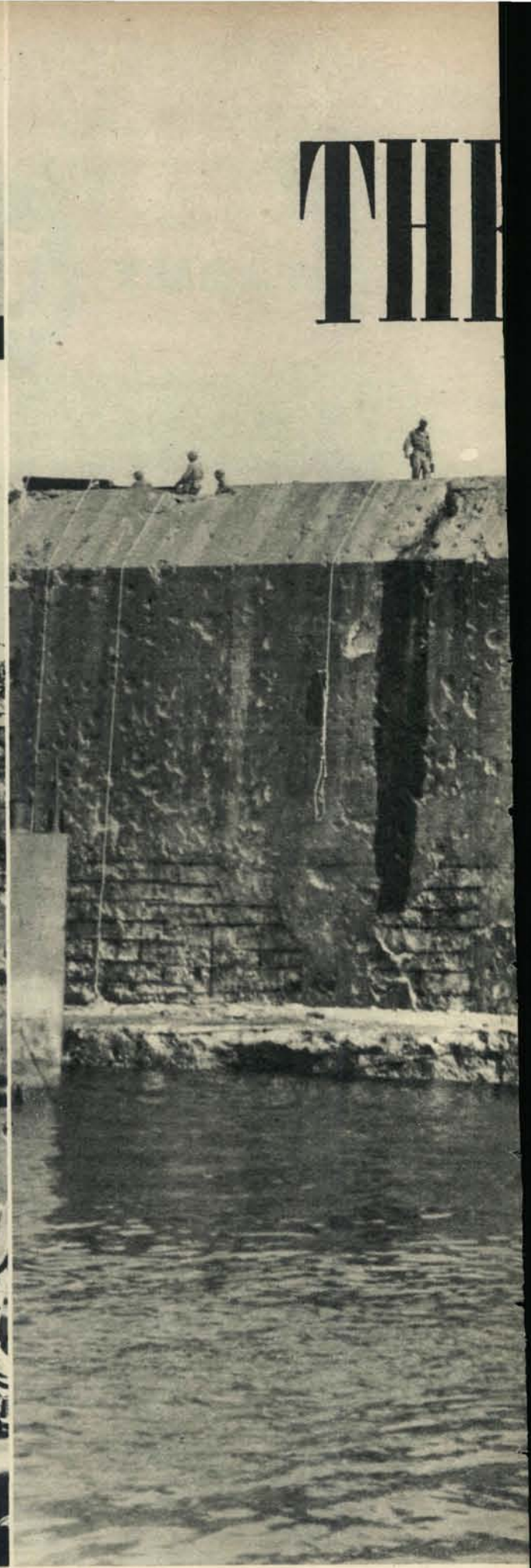
A view of Fort Drum after the LSM and LCM had tied up and the sailors and infantrymen had landed



Infantry riflemen cross over to the fort by way of a ramp extending from the tower of an LSM.

GI engineers on top of the "concrete battleship" haul up fire hose attached to the oil boat below.

THE



By Sgt. THOMAS J. HOOPER
YANK Field Correspondent

WITH THE 38TH INFANTRY DIVISION, LUZON, THE PHILIPPINES—The taking of Jap-held Fort Drum, a "concrete battleship" in Manila Bay, was like a midocean pirate raid on an unwieldy merchant vessel. It had elements, too, of a medieval battle, with knights in armor thundering across the drawbridge into an enemy castle. It was a little bit of everything, even of the Podunk fire department getting a burning boathouse under control. It took place early in April and now its detailed story may be told.

Fort Drum, which shows up on the maps as El Fraile Island, was built by the U. S., long before the Japs moved in, about three miles south of Corregidor in Manila Bay. The island was originally just another sharp-toothed coral reef,

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BLASTING OF FT. DRUM

The LCM backs off from the sides of the fort and starts pumping 3,000 gallons of oil into its bowels. Riflemen were stationed on top covering every opening.

jutting out of the bay waters. Then our Navy decided it would be a handy addition to the chain of bay fortresses—Corregidor, Caballo and Carabao Islands—and proceeded to turn it into a blunt-nosed, square-sterned, battleship-shaped structure, 345 feet long, 135 feet wide, rising from the waters as a 40-foot concrete cliffside.

These concrete walls were 36 feet in width and the top "deck" 18 feet thick—strong enough to withstand any land, naval or air bombardment. Two revolving turrets, each mounting two 14-inch naval rifles were mounted on the flat top. At the north and south (port and starboard) sides, two 6-inch guns were set in "blister" turrets. Inside there were four levels. At the east (stern) end there were two sally ports opening both north and south. Boats carrying men, mail and provisions to the fort tied up here. The ports opened on the inside to an axial tunnel running through the island and connecting all four levels.

It was a miniature Gibraltar, a salt-water pillbox and when the Japs overran the Philippines they were happy to have won it as part of their military loot.

The 38th Infantry Division drew the job of mopping up Fort Drum. The division had already cleared the way by finishing off Corregidor and invading and securing Caballo Island. But Drum was a harder, trickier job than anything that had gone before.

To some of the GIs in the 38th, it was going to be just another souvenir hunt with expensive kimonos, samurai swords, pistols, cameras and maybe a bottle or two of *sake* at the end. To the men who had to do the planning it was a ticklish problem that would take careful planning and ingenuity in preparation and split-second precision in execution. To the interested observer, it was a technical study in how to crack a tough

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nut, a fortified concrete nut in the middle of Manila Bay.

The earlier taking of Caballo was the inspiration for the plan by which the 38th cracked Fort Drum. Caballo was a horse-shaped rock and most of its garrison had been knocked off within a few days. A band of 60 survivors, however, had been able to take cover in two huge mortar pits which resisted all efforts of infantry, engineers and artillery. They were of reinforced concrete and at least 20 feet thick, another case of an installation originally built by Americans and improved by the Japs.

Various plans for cleaning out the mortar pits were proposed and rejected. One public-relations officer, with a weather eye cocked at a front-page story in the Stateside press, suggested that a fire siren be lowered into the pits and allowed to scream for a few days. The idea, borrowed from some of our better horror magazines, was to drive the Japs crazy. The PRO's inspiration was turned down on the very logical ground that no fire sirens were handy.

The finally accepted plan was formulated by Lt. Col. Fred C. Dyer of Indianapolis, Ind., G-4 of the 38th. An LCM was fitted with a centrifugal pump and two tanks capable of holding more than 5,000 gallons of liquid. A special mixture of two parts Diesel oil and one part gasoline was mixed and then pumped into the tanks.

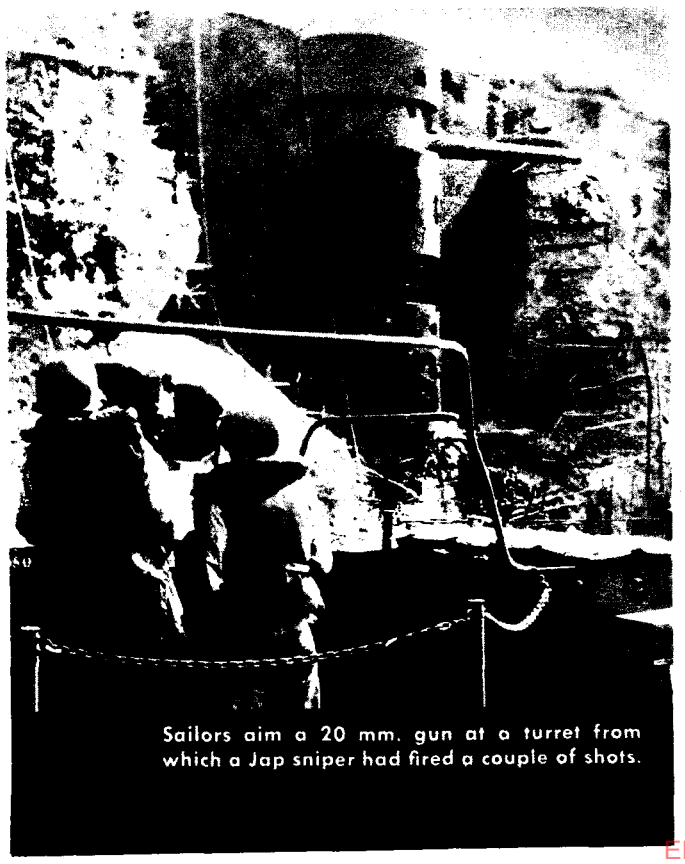
THE landing craft plowed its clumsy way out to Caballo and drew up alongside the hill where the pits were located. Engineers, working under sniper fire, constructed a pipeline up the steep slope of the hill into the emplacements. The mixture of oil and gas—2,400 gallons of it—was then pumped into the pits. As soon as the last drops had been pumped in, riflemen posted a few hundred yards away cut loose with tracer bullets. There was a loud sucking sound and dense black clouds of burning oil billowed to the sky. The mortar pits surrendered only charred Japs when the flames died down.

This was the plan selected by Brig. Gen. Robert H. Soule, assistant division commander, as the best for reducing Drum.

Training and preparation for the landing were begun a week before Drum D-day. On Corregidor a reinforced platoon of riflemen from Company F, 151st Infantry, and a platoon of demolition men from Company B, 113th Engineers, made repeated dry runs to school each man for his individual job when he stepped aboard Drum.

On the Corregidor parade ground the surface of Drum's deck was simulated. Dummy guns and air vents were built and each rifleman was assigned to cover a specific opening in the surface of the fort. Every gun turret, every air vent, every crack in the surface was to be under the sights of an M1 or a BAR so that no enemy would be able to come topside. The men went through the dry run until they could do it in their sleep.

Some engineers practiced planting explosives at strategic intervals on the rock. Others went through the motions of dragging a fire hose from the LCM to the deck of the battleship-fort. The LCM was scheduled to pull up alongside Drum in the same manner used in the Caballo operation.



Sailors aim a 20 mm. gun at a turret from which a Jap sniper had fired a couple of shots.

The sally ports were ruled out as possible points of entrance when a naval reconnaissance force, attempting a landing from a PT boat, ran into machine-gun fire from the tunnel. This made it necessary to work from a ship larger than an LCM, so the 113th Engineers went to work on an especially designed wooden ramp, running like a drawbridge from the tower of an LSM. The ramp was necessary since the 40-foot walls of the island would prevent troops from landing in the usual manner.

Three sailors had been killed in the attempted PT landing and this got the Navy's dander up. To pave the way for the taking of the fort, dive bombers were called in to knock out the large guns on its top deck. On Wednesday, April 11, a cruiser steamed up and bombarded the 6-inch gun emplacements with AP shells. The cruiser broadsides weren't enough to breach the fort, but they did shut up the remaining guns.

April 13—a Friday—was the day selected and H-hour was set for 1000. At 0830 the troops loaded from Corregidor's south dock, walking a narrow plank from the pier to an LSM.

The engineers carried 600 pounds of explosives and the infantrymen were loaded down with rifles and bandoliers of ammunition. In the crow's nest, towering above the landing ramp, a BAR man kept lookout and below him a light machine gun was set up on an improvised platform. The BAR and the machine gun could give covering fire to the men who were to land.

At 1000 hours on the nose, the LSM pulled alongside Fort Drum. It was a ticklish job to maneuver the squat, bulky ship snug and tight against the island and to hold it steady there.

As the LSM inched up on the port side of Drum, three LCVPs manned by naval personnel came up alongside her, bows first, and with motors racing pushed against her side and shoved her as flat as possible against the cliffside.

As soon as the LSM was close alongside the fort, sailors standing in the well deck let down a ramp by means of a block and fall. Other sailors rushed ashore across the ramp, carrying lines which they fastened to the Jap-held gun turrets or to any other available projections. The LSM was made secure.

These sailors were the first Yanks aboard Drum. Just after them came the infantry riflemen in single file up the circular ladder to the tower and from there, helped by sailors, onto the ramp and across it to the flat top of the fort.

Despite the strong lines from ship to fort and the pushing of the LCVPs, the LSM pitched and rolled and the ramp scraped precariously back and forth over the concrete. The operation was at its touch-and-go stage.

The LCM which had been used in the Caballo invasion was brought in behind the larger LSM. A line attached to a fire hose was thrown up to the engineers on the LSM and relayed by them to the deck of Drum where other waiting engineers grabbed it and pulled up the hose.

The infantrymen had deployed according to their previous briefing on Corregidor, each man covering his objective. Every vent had its rifleman. No Jap could raise his head above the surface of the deck without running the risk of having it blown off, and the engineers went to work.

They planted their explosives to do the most good in the least time. Particular attention was given to the powder magazine which lay below the surface on the first level, protected by 6-inch armor plate under a layer of reinforced concrete.

All this while the same Diesel oil mixture that had been used on Caballo was being pumped from the LCM into the fort. It was like a high colonic enema given at sea to some ugly, gray Jap monster of the deep. As minute piled on minute, more and more oil—3,000 gallons in all—was squirted into the bowels of Drum.

In 10 minutes, the job of the engineers was finished. Thirty-minute fuses were lighted and the engineers and riflemen began to file back onto the LSM. Suddenly an unidentified engineer shouted, "The oil line's busted!" By this time all the men were back on the LSM.

Lt. Col. William E. Lobit, CO of the 151st, called for volunteers. "Six men, up here. Let's go."

More than six men fell in behind him and took off up the ladder and across the ramp to the island. The oil, still pumping from the LCM which had pulled about 100 yards away, shut off the instant the hose connection broke apart. The LCM pulled in again and engineers hung over the side and repaired the break. By good luck, the hose was still above water, held up by a floating oil drum to which the next to last section had been lashed.

Col. Lobit and his men snuffed the fuses and stood by to relight them as soon as the break could be repaired. It was while they were waiting that the first and only opposition to the combined oil enema and demolition job developed. An evidently near-sighted Jap sniper, hidden in one of the 6-inch gun turrets on the port side opened up.

His aim was bad on the first two shots and gave away his position without doing any damage to the Yanks. Sailors, manning the LSM's 20-mms were ready and anxious to spray the turret, but a red-headed ensign yelled from the bridge for them to hold fire. Oil was leaking from an aperture in the turret and if a shell ignited it, our own landing party, the LSM, the LCM and the LCVPs would probably all be blown to hell along with the Japs. The sailors held their fire.

The sniper opened up again and a bullet cut through the fatigue jacket of Sgt. Mack Thomson of Springfield, Mo., the colonel's driver and radio operator. Thomson had been standing amidships unaware that he was a target. The bullet made seven holes, passing through the outside of the jacket, the baggy pocket and a sleeve. Thomson wasn't even scratched.

Another sniper bullet grazed the back of Cpl. Vincent Glennon's right hand. Glennon, an aid man from Gary, Ind., had dropped behind a ventilator for protection at the first sniper shot. The bullet went through the light, thin metal of the ventilator and creased his hand, drawing no more blood than a pin scratch.

A sailor had worse luck. A Jap shot split the fittings that connected the three air hoses to the gyroscopic sight of his 20-mm. gun and several pieces of the scattered wreckage were embedded in his throat. Army and Navy medics teamed up to give him an immediate transfusion and to dress his wounds. He, Glennon and Thomson were the only casualties. A bargain-basement price to pay for Fort Drum.

By now the leak had been repaired. Col. Lobit and his men relit the fuses on the island and got back safely to the ship. The lines from the LSM to Drum were cut and all the ships pulled away. Drum had received its quota of oil and the late invaders stood off in the bay to watch the show.

IN 30 minutes there was a slight explosion, not much more than a 4th of July token. Nothing else happened. Disappointment was written on the faces of the GIs and the sailors. The job would have to be done over.

But before they could even phrase a gripe, the second explosion came. In the time of an eye wink it seemed as if the whole island of El Fraile were blown out of the sea. First there was a cloud of smoke rising and seconds later the main explosion came. Blast after blast ripped the concrete battleship. Debris was showered into the water throwing up hundreds of small geysers. A large flat object, later identified as the 6-inch concrete slab protecting the powder magazine, was blown several hundred feet into the air to fall back on top of the fort, miraculously still unbroken.

Now the GIs and sailors could cheer. And did.

As the LSM moved toward Corregidor there were continued explosions. More smoke and debris.

Two days later, on Sunday, a party went back to try to get into the fort through the lower levels. Wisps of smoke were still curling through the ventilators and it was obvious that oil was still burning inside. The visit was called off for that day.

On Monday the troops returned again. This time they were able to make their way down as far as the second level, but again smoke forced them to withdraw. Eight Japs—dead of suffocation—were found on the first two levels.

Two days later another landing party returned and explored the whole island. The bodies of 60 Japs—burned to death—were found in the boiler room on the third level.

The inside of the fort was a shambles. The walls were blackened with smoke and what installations there were had been blown to pieces or burned.

In actual time of pumping oil and setting fuses, it had taken just over 15 minutes to settle the fate of the "impregnable" concrete fortress. It had been a successful operation in every way but one:

The souvenir hunting wasn't very good.

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Jap-Catcher

Willie Brown has made his hobby taking Jap prisoners and three day passes.

By Sgt. JOHN McLEOD
YANK Staff Correspondent

WITH THE 32D DIVISION, THE PHILIPPINES—During the battle for control of Luzon, T/Sgt. Willie Brown of De Witt, Ark., maintained a residential address in Manila at the V-for-Victory Hotel, just off Rizal Avenue in the heart of the city. His business address was Fox Company, 127th Infantry, the Villa Verde Trail, Northern Luzon.

Sgt. Willie, short, blond, slight and with a razorback drawl, was in the Jap-catching business. The 32d Division had offered a bonus for anyone who brought in a live Jap in talking condition. The bonus was a case of beer, a three-day pass to Manila (with two days' travel time), and jeep transportation to, from and within the city. Willie figured that he'd spent more time in Manila than up on the Villa Verde Trail with his platoon. His total, at this writing, was five Japs.

Sgt. Willie is one of the few Buna-busters left in the 32d. He sailed out of Frisco back in April of 1942. He got his first experience with Japs, incidentally collecting a Purple Heart in the process, in December of 1942 at Buna. But he caught no Japs there. At that time the Japs were even less inclined to surrender than they are now and the 32d's doughs didn't exert themselves to bring back any prisoners.

The Jap-catching activities of Sgt. Willie Brown began later and farther up the New Guinea coast during the Driniumor River campaign. The 32d had been back to Australia for rest and reorganization. Sgt. Willie had met and fallen in love with a little milk-bar waitress at Newcastle, New South Wales, where the division underwent amphibious training. He was so crazy for her that later, while under treatment at a Queensland convalescent camp, he went AWOL for three weeks to see her. Then the division went to Guinea. It offered a prize of a 15-day furlough to Australia for anyone bringing in a Jap. Willie wanted to go back down and marry the girl. He jumped at it.

"That first one was pretty easy," says Willie, "and maybe it's a good thing. I went out beyond the perimeter with a couple of fellows and started looking around a swamp. I figured tracking Japs would be about like hunting Ozark deer. I found a Jap's split-toed tracks and started following them. Followed 'em all morning.

"Then we sat down in the shade off the trail to open some Cs, and we saw that little ol' Jap just walking up the trail. We'd been shelling the whole area for a long time and he was shell-shocked, kind of goofy. I just took him by the arm and led him away."

Willie got the furlough, hitched the splice, honeymooned, came back. On Leyte he was on the line for more than a month in the closing stages of the campaign. He got promoted from buck private to staff and he was recommended for tech, but he didn't bring in any prisoners.

As soon as the new deal on the Manila pass and beer was announced, though, Willie went out on the prowl again. Three days later he connected.

"We were out mopping up some caves," Sgt. Willie tells it. "I had a pretty good idea where some Japs might be, so I crawled in that cave. I just went in and sat down and stayed quiet until my eyes got used to the dark. I saw one lying on his back. He didn't look dead to me, so I shook him. Didn't shake him very hard, though. Those guys are lousy with grenades.

"Shore enough, he set up. He grabbed a grenade and started to tap it on his helmet. I was lucky he knew English pretty well; I talked him out of it. He handed me that grenade, then brought out a dozen more and gave them to me. Then I asked him for his pistol and he gave me that, too."

Willie went into Manila with a bunch of 32d Recon Troopers who also had made PW hauls. He had such a good time that when he went back into the line, it took him less than 24 hours to bring in his next PW.

"The day before," Willie says, "we'd been using some flame throwers on some caves. We knew one cave was a Jap battalion CP. I reckoned there might be an officer or two in there and still kicking.

"Way in the back I found one. He'd been burned across the face but he was still alive. When I went up to him, he sat up and pulled out his saber. I tried to talk to him, but he didn't seem to understand no English at all. Every time I started closer to him he'd threaten me with that saber. It was a caution.

"I made a feint toward him and he took a slice with his saber, and before he could get back in position I grabbed his leg and pulled him kicking and yelling out of the cave.

"Later, though, he calmed down and I got his saber."

The second time Willie went to Manila he had a jeep and a driver all to himself and, if anything, he had an even better time.

WILLIE's third haul at Villa Verde took a little longer—all of three days—and was a good bit more difficult. He was out ahead of his perimeter again, with Pfc. Earl Smith of Waltham, Mass., an acting squad leader in Willie's platoon. The two of them were looking for souvenirs. There were several patrols out ahead of them. They wore fatigue hats instead of helmets, and all they had for arms was a .45 each.

"We caught up with one of the patrols," Willie tells it, "and we just moseyed along with them. Out ahead somebody yelled something about a heavy machine gun and wanting some help. They'd found a Jap heavy and wanted a hand in carrying it. But we thought they wanted one of our .30s brought up so we started back.

"Smitty saw two Japs hiding out in some bushes just off the trail and started blasting away; fired all his clip and missed them.

"The Japs took off and I hollered at them. One stopped. We went up to him, and he acted like a little lamb — handed over his grenades, folded his hands, bowed to us and squatted down. Smitty stood there guarding him with his empty .45 and I took off after the other Jap.

The other bastard kind of got tangled up in a thicket. He was cornered. He pulled out a grenade and kept raising it and lowering it. I got nervous, and without thinking about it, started to light a cigarette. I noticed the bugger's face light up, smiling like a cat eating spit, and he gestured like he wanted one and lowered his hand with the grenade.

T/Sgt. Willie Brown tells how he catches Japs.

"I walked to within 6 feet of him, then he got scared again and raised the grenade. I put my .45 in my holster and buttoned it. He relaxed again, but still held onto that grenade. I gave him a cigarette, and then threw him the box of matches. He had to lower the grenade to get the matches. Then I jumped him.

He put up a fight. I took all the grenades he had in his clothes away. Then he grabbed for his bayonet and I had to take that away from him, too. Then he tried to get in his pack to get some more grenades. I shook him up good for trying that.

"Then he just sat there and wouldn't move. He kept saying '*Mesh, mesh.*' He pointed to his mouth a few times, and I guess *mesh* is the Jap word for chow. I had the boys throw some Cs up to me. I led him out of there, holding up a can of meat and spaghetti the way you'd lead a pony holding a carrot in front of his nose.

Sgt. Willie, when we interviewed him, was sporting a black right eye.

"The Jap give you that?" we asked him.

"Hell, no," he said. "Got it in one of those Rizal Avenue bars. I ran into a 6th Division character who thought I was a replacement or a base commando or something. He said he fought in Buna and made the hike over the Owen Stanley Mountains.

"I kept still during all that, and then I asked him what regiment he was with when he went over the Owen Stanleys. He said the 127th. That's when I let him have it. It was the 126th walked over the mountains, you know. All the rest of us flew over."

Sgt. Willie thinks we could catch a lot more Jap prisoners.

"All you've got to do," he says, "is get close enough to them."

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Mathias Wilms talks to members of his union.

UNION in Germany

One of the first signs of the dissolution of the Nazi regime in conquered Germany was the re-establishment of trade unions.

By Cpl. DEBS MYERS
YANK Staff Correspondent

AACHEN, GERMANY—The long room was hushed and the thin bald man who rose to speak picked up the papers from the desk in front of him with hands that trembled. He spoke gravely, slowly, as though he wanted to make his words so simple no one could fail to understand. The people who listened to him were solemnly attentive.

"The interrupted fight against fascism goes on," he said. "Germany's trade unions are, from this hour on, back in existence."

He paused and looked at the men and women in front of him. The men had gnarled hands and their faces were weather-beaten. The few women had shawls around their heads. All of them, men and women, were poorly dressed and old.

"It has been a long road," he said. "Many are no longer here." Twice he opened his mouth as though he were going ahead with a speech that he had written and rehearsed. He shook his head. "That's all," he said, and sat down.

Friends crowded around him. "It was a poor speech unworthy of so historic a time," said an old man with a gray beard. "You will never be a swayer of people, Mathias." The thin bald man nodded. "I am too old to sway people," he said, "and I hope too wise."

The man was Mathias Wilms, a weaver of Aachen, and he had just completed the organization of the Free German Workers' Union—the first union permitted in Germany since May 2, 1933, when Hitler, with one decree, abolished German labor unions.

Mathias Wilms is 53 years old, a Social Democrat, a veteran of the Free German Labor Movement. He is one of the few persons in Aachen with a record that the Military Government considers 100 percent free of Nazi taint. In 1933 he went to prison for a year and a half for talking against Hitler. In the following years he was questioned repeatedly by the Gestapo. "After my prison sentence," he said, "I was more careful whom I talked with."

Soon after the Americans captured Aachen, Wilms petitioned the Military Government for permission to form a union. The formal organization was completed after Germany surrendered. The union, while still in the blueprint stage, had five members, all cronies of Wilms from the old days. Eighty persons attended the first meeting and now the union has five chapters in adjacent towns and 1,300 members.

"You ask," said Wilms "where did these people come from? Certainly, in days when Hitler was in power there were not 1,300 persons in Aachen working against him. But now, once the Nazis are beaten, these people will do anything—they will even join a union—to make it appear that they were really against Hitler all the time.

"Where did these people come from and why are they joining a union? Those are good questions. I am sorry that I do not have better answers. I believe, as a proved anti-fascist, that the overwhelming percentage of our members are pro-democratic.

"True enough, some of them were not always so. Our union is open to all who are not plant owners and operators. Even open to some of the former Nazis, although I personally opposed letting Nazis in. Some men of integrity and wisdom said they wanted former Nazis where they could watch them, and I was voted down. No former Nazi, though, can hold any office or participate actually in the union."

Wilms looked a little embarrassed. He rubbed his bald head, slid lower in his chair. "A union's job is to educate," he said, "and Germany now needs education and new ideas as no country ever needed them before. Maybe, we can educate some of these members whose backgrounds do not smell so well. And the nucleus of our union is good. Every man at the top is a proved anti-fascist. Every leader has been either in prison or a concentration camp." Wilms grinned. "It is a sad commentary on a country," he said, "when men you trust are those who have been in prison."

Recalling intra-union bickering and factional disputes among unions that preceded Hitler's rise to power, Wilms said he hoped most of all that the union could remain free of "party quarrels—the splits between political groups."

"It was partly the fault of German labor that Hitler ever came to power," he said. "Had we been united we could have stopped him. But, no, it was more fun—and less painful—to fight among ourselves than to fight Hitler."

THE union's platform is simple: *1*) to fight fascism and Prussian militarism; *2*) to help remove the Nazi influence of all government administration in Germany; *3*) to cooperate in building a peaceful world; *4*) to conduct an educational campaign among the German people, particularly the German youth, for the necessity of collaborating with all decent, freedom-loving nations; *5*) the reestablishment of the 40-hour week and other social benefits destroyed by Hitler.

"I do not think," said Wilms, "that many people realize in the outer world how far behind the march of events Germany has fallen. I am ashamed to admit it, but I know almost nothing of your President Roosevelt. The Nazi censorship of the news took place just about the time President Roosevelt was elected, and all we heard of him was abuse. It is my guess, though, without knowing anything about it that Mr. Roosevelt was a friend of the working people. I kept noticing how he was elected so many times—even though the German press kept saying the American people hated him—and I kept saying to myself 'Mathias, that man is a friend of the poor people.'"

What did Wilms think about the *SS* troopers? Would they make good union members?

He closed his fist around the book he was holding. The name of the book was "Organize." "Such men will not make good union members," he said, "any more than they will make decent members of society. There is no hope for them."

What did he think of the future of Germany? Did he think Germany has a future?

"So much of it," he said, "rests with the Allies. The road back for Germany will be hard and long, as it should be hard and long. I hope and believe that genuine anti-fascism will grow in Germany. But it must be encouraged by the Allies or it will not grow.

"Anti-fascists have many terrible responsibilities. For one thing, they must remember always that they are anti-fascists. And anti-fascists do not resort to fascist methods!"

He puffed hard at his pipe.

"Even in fighting the fascist idea."

Through the long years of Hitler's regime Wilms lived quietly, working as a weaver, staying away from Nazis and Nazi activities. "I was one of the little people you hear about," he said, "so little no one noticed me often.

"I have learned now," said Wilms "from experience and from my comrades that education, information, facts are the life blood of a union. At this time it is not too important to sway with words. The people have heard so many words. Now they need the truth. It has been 12 years since the German people have heard the truth."

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Clean-up on Okinawa

Japanese-speaking Marines direct civilians to safe areas in the rear as patrols scout for Japs in the background. A scorched and swollen Jap corpse lies at right.

Marines send back information by field radio from a forward OP at Itoman on Okinawa. YANK staff artist Sgt. Jack Ruge made both the drawings on this page.

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Looking north down Houston's Main Street at the Rice Hotel corner.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

It's swollen industrially, but not much else has changed.

By Cpl. MARGARET DAVIS
YANK Staff Writer

HOUSTON, TEXAS—It's not going to be a bad town to come back to.

If you won't accept my word for it, take a quick gander at the way things are in Houston today and at some of the postwar projects now being planned.

All in all, if you started at the bayou and drove right out Main past the roller-coaster, you'd have to look a lot harder for things that seem strange than for things that seem just about as always.

You'd see the old spots: The Gables is still dishing out sodas, but from the middle of the block, with a waffle joint at the corner; Bill Williams' Chicken-in-the-Rough shack is about the only place in town where you can get fried chicken without hatching it and is swamped with business; the French-fried shrimp and onion rings at Kaphan's are as good as ever, though Kaphan died and Mrs. Kaphan sold the place; Gaido's is flourishing. The merry-go-round at the play center on South Main goes round and round and so do the Shetland ponies.

The Houston kids waiting for that 18th birthday ax to fall still manage to scrape up enough gas to drive their girls out South Main to buy a hamburger at Prince's. And if they stop their cars in Hermann Park—to study the artistic effect of the moonlight on Sam Houston's horse, of course—the cops still make them move on.

But the eight-inch blue-satin scanties that once made the South Main Prince's and Sivil's drive-in cuties nationally famous bits of scenery are war casualties. The gals—the few left—wear slacks that give them about as much glamor as a woman shipyard worker without her helmet. A lot of the one-time tray girls are under helmets out at Brown Shipbuilding Co. or the Todd-Houston Shipyard, as a matter of fact. And Sivil's isn't Sivil's any more; it's called Stuart's.

Of course most of the Rice Institute boys thumbing rides by the South Gate are in Navy uniform. No new V-12 students are being taken, but the streamlined 12-month college year is still in effect until those already in school are graduated. And Tony, the Rice gardener, couldn't stop the Johnson grass from choking the Cape Jasmine hedges in front of Sallyport. He couldn't get any help. There are weeds instead of zinnias in the Circle by the Warwick Hotel because the city couldn't get any yardmen, either.

Even so, the face of the town has probably changed less in the last four years, because of lack of priorities for building things where they show, than in any other four years since Reconstruction. But a lot has been going on. The place has had a terrific growth.

SINCE 1940, the population inside the city limits has grown from 384,514 to 467,000, the Census Bureau estimates; the county has grown from 510,397 to 671,214, and the city, with suburbs like Bellaire and West University Place included, now has 535,400 persons in it. Counting that way, local patriots claim that Houston is the biggest city in the South.

On the other hand, Dallas is chortling about annexing Highland Park and some other sections and getting ahead on figures inside the city limits, since an annexation plan for Houston suburbs was voted down last fall—probably because its proponents got a little too ambitious and wanted to take in industrial property away down on Ship Channel.

New houses haven't anywhere nearly kept up with new citizens. And even though the workers in essential industry — including people who flocked to town for war jobs as well as a lot of local folk—have dropped from a high of 102,000 in October, 1943, to about 80,000 now, the housing situation is still tough. "It was *entirely* impossible to get a house last year; now it's just impossible," said one man who'd given up the search and wangled a permit for one of those 1,000 new homes the Government recently authorized.

It's down in the Ship Channel industrial area that you see the changes. In the new synthetic rubber field there's the $6,000,000 Humble butadiene plant at Baytown, and on the Pasadena road the $40,000,000 Sinclair butadeine plant, the $20,000,000 Goodyear Synthetic Rubber Co. plant that uses its products, and the $6,000,000 Kelly Springfield Tire plant. The $25,000,000 Sheffield Steel Co. blast furnaces go sprawling along the south side of the channel, looking more like Pittsburgh than Houston.

Todd's huge Houston Shipyard at Irish Bend, which has been building merchant ships, is getting to the end of its contracts and cutting down, but the Brown yards at Green's Bayou still are going along with their 14,000-employe average. About 400 of these employes are ex-GIs.

Some of the other war plants are Reed Roller Bit (tank parts and shells); Hughes Tool (landing gear and shells); Cameron Iron (Navy gun barrels) and the $12,000,000 Dickson Gun plant. Humble has a $12,000,000 toluol plant at its Deer Park refinery. People look for this war-created industrialization to become a permanent peacetime thing.

Oil rates the biggest chapter in the story of Texas war production, of course, and Houston has to be mentioned just about every time you speak of Texas oil. The Humble refinery at Baytown is now the largest in the world, the locals say, producing 185,000 barrels a day. The 268 oil fields in a 100-mile radius of Houston last year produced 193,000,000 barrels, or 11 percent of the total for the U. S. Before VE-Day the Big and Little Inch poured Texas oil to the east coast for transshipment to Europe, but with the shift to Pacific, Houston is expecting a big increase in tanker shipments down the Ship Channel. These days you see long lines of oil barges, like big turtles strung together, being towed down the channel, all headed for the Intracoastal Canal.

HOUSTON has a lot of money ready to spend as soon as the war is over. The Chamber of Commerce figures public and private construction in the first five peace years will total $250,000,000. Public construction is expected to account for $100,000,000, of which $65,500,000 will come from local bond funds with State and Federal contributions scheduled to make up the rest. The city has $31,000,000 to spend; the county, navigation district and flood control district $27,250,000 and the Houston school district $7,500,000.

All this ought to mean quite a few jobs for quite a while.

Rice's football team is in the Army and Navy, and Rice finished fifth last season with TCU taking the conference title. Lamar won the city high school football championship, but Port Arthur defeated her in the bi-district and won the state title. Johnny Franke's Milby team won the city basketball championship and Franke went to A & M as basketball coach. Reagan took the city track title.

There hasn't been any Texas League baseball since 1942, but the league is scheduled to resume

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Nav[illegible]nts and co-eds walk through the campus at Houston's Rice Institute.

GIs [illegible]lors turn out for Sunday afternoon tea dances at the Plantation.

play next year. Meanwhile, the South Coast Victory League, made up of war-plant and Army teams, has been drawing good crowds for night games at Buff Stadium. The grunt-and-groan contests are still coming off Friday nights at the City Auditorium.

The political picture hasn't changed too much. Houston kept the city manager plan. John N. Edy is still city manager and Otis G. Massey was reelected mayor, although the old Oscar Holcombe forces made a stiff bid to get back in power. Glenn Perry beat Roy Hofheinz for county judge, ending the one-time "boy judge's" eight years in office. Hofheinz has been going to town with his new radio station, KTHT. He personally broadcast the San Francisco conference to the folks back home. Franklin P. Davis, the "Tiger at Bay," is still running for things and not getting elected. Last time it was the school board.

HOUSTON has the usual shortages and some unusual ones. For weeks and weeks the town was clear out of toilet paper; nobody seems to know why. And with the paper shortage cutting down on mail-order catalogues, too.

The black market hasn't taken over the meat supply as it seems to have in some other places, and you occasionally see steaks and chops waiting for somebody with enough points to buy them, but not often. Whisky is getting scarce, with "one bottle to a customer" signs becoming noticeable. Strange brands of beer, if any, show up at the ice houses, which usually run out of ice Saturdays and Sundays, or have only white and bubbly stuff that won't frost a mint julep.

It's easier to get B and C ration gas cards than it is in some sections of the country, and in the city you wouldn't notice much difference in the traffic. The ambulance sirens still howl and screech all day and all night as if a nonstop air raid were going on. But out on the highways there's a big difference.

Where cars used to crawl bumper-to-bumper clear to Richmond on a Sunday afternoon you'll find the road practically empty beyond the Plantation. Gas may be one reason E. L. Crain tore down Sylvan Beach park, 50-year-old amusement spot on the bay, and built war-workers' houses with the lumber. But people still seem to find enough gas to get down to San Jacinto Inn at the Battleground; Mrs. Porter Vincent (maybe you knew her as Mrs. Jack Sanders) still runs it. A pretty good crowd made it out to Emil Marks' 25th annual grass-roots and blue-jeans rodeo at Barker, too, but this year they skipped the usual barbecue.

Downtown, the Rice Hotel Empire Room is still going strong, but the Rice Roof didn't open this summer. The boys whose bible is the Racing Form gather as usual at Kelly's on Texas avenue—they had their own VE-Day celebration when the racing ban was lifted. For some reason George has more steaks than shrimp in The Corral. Ed Payne is running the Southern Dinner Club, but Peck Kelly, the pianist, is gone. The old Palace Theater, where Clark Gable used to play in stock, is now the Palacio, showing Mexican movies.

GIs call Houston a good soldier town, but the GI customers are getting scarce. Camp Wallace is closed and Ellington cut away down; where there were about 55,000 men stationed in the area a couple of years ago there are fewer than 7,000 now. There's still a fair crowd for the servicemen's Sunday afternoon dances at the Plantation, free except for drinks and food. And Dick Wheeler still believes in cutting prices to men in uniform on those.

Then there's Abe Robinowitz.. the one-man USO who started with a little store in Rosenburg and ended up with a couple of million dollars. Robinowitz does things like telling George Kelly not to take any dinner or drink money from GIs for the evening—that bill was $423.70—or having the Rice Hotel send him the bill for all soldiers who check out up to 9 A.M. one day—that one was $154.88.

THERE'S just one thing that gives the town a really black eye with the GIs, and the citizens haven't been able to do anything about it. Interstate Theaters, which control all the movie houses, won't cut prices to people in uniform. It costs more for a GI to see a show at the Houston Met or Loew's than at the Roxy in New York City.

A lot of the folks everybody knows are around as usual, but there are a lot missing. Auditor Harry Washburn is starting out his 33d year saving the county's money; "Uncle Andy" Edmondson is still talking about quitting the phone company after 44 years and still working harder than ever; Howard West, the undertaker, lives 11 months to ride in the rodeo parade the 12th. The rodeo and Fat Stock Show, by the way, came off as usual this year.

The high-heeled boot gentry still gather in Stelzig's Saddlery on Preston to gossip with Mr. Joe, Mr. Charlie and Mr. Leo Stelzig, but you can't get boots and belts worked to order for awhile. No workmen. The 350-member Jamail clan is throwing bigger family parties than ever—the biggest so far was for Sgt. Abe Jamail, who came back from France with a stiff leg and the Silver Star. There are some 50 other Jamails in uniform and they all rate parties when they blow into town.

The Rev. Jim Airey, who loved the church first and the old Texas frontier second and who was such a good guy Ernie Pyle wrote a column about him; District Judge Norman Atkinson; Albert Townsend, county clerk for many years; Harry Pollard, the auto man, and A. G. Henricks, whose drugstore on Eagle was a Rice hangout in the "Toonerville Trolley" days and who later ran the Riverside on Almeda where the Johnson Junior High kids gathered, are some of the people who have died. So, as of VE-Day, had 1,147 Houston servicemen.

WHEN the war does end, there's one thing, for sure, that's going to look nice to GIs that have been places for a long time—but don't take my word for it. No man believes that a woman knows anything about another woman's looks, and nobody believes anything a Texan says about Texas. So I took outside advice on this, from a New Hampshire GI who has done 120 points worth of England, Africa, Italy and France and about every state in this country. He says the Texas girls are the prettiest anywhere and the Houston girls are the prettiest in Texas. (Yes, he's been to Dallas too.)

The little 16-and 17-year-old chicks just getting out of high school really are something special. They do idiotic 'teen-age things like taking off their shoes and walking home from school barefoot—that's the latest at San Jacinto High. You see them strolling down Holman, scuffling their bare toes along the pavement and carrying their moccasins, eating up the stares of their goggle-eyed elders. Then a couple of hours later they'll be all dressed up in their long, ruffly organdies, sweet and prim and as grown up as Great Aunt Susan. They're cute, those teen-agers are.

It might not be a bad postwar project—getting one of them to put on her shoes and drive out to see old Sam's statue.

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Two of the sailors were killed and the third was wounded

By Cpl. JUSTIN GRAY
YANK Staff Correspondent

THE MARIANAS—The daily news sheet on the tiny island of Tinian in the Marianas carried the item just to fill space. No one took much notice of it:

"Fourteen Japanese soldiers were captured today on Tinian by our troops."

The news sheet didn't even bother to tell the full story. But both the editor and the GI readers knew the story well by now. The surrender of 14 Japanese soldiers was no longer news on Tinian. The Japs had been surrendering in equal numbers for the past six weeks.

The story began about two months ago when three Seabees decided to take a walk through a "safe" area on the western end of the island to look for souvenirs. No Japs had been reported in this vicinity for months. B-29s had been taking off regularly for their attacks on Tokyo from runways just a few hundred yards away. The men saw no reason to carry arms. While still in sight of their bivouac area two of the sailors were killed and the third was wounded by a group of well-armed Japanese who ambushed them.

Immediate routine steps were taken to round up these Japanese. Although the island had long since been officially "secured," the presence of any group of armed Japs was a threat to the security of the B-29s and to our other installations in the area. The 24th Infantry Regiment moved out for another sweep across the island.

But back at headquarters Maj. Charles F. Erb Jr., of Los Angeles, chief of G-2, who had ordered this infantry sweep, began to formulate a new and possibly revolutionary technique aimed at neutralizing rapidly and efficiently the remaining Japanese opposition on Tinian.

Maj. Erb, quarterback on the great undefeated University of California football team way back in 1920 and '21, was no armchair strategist. He had flown on as many missions as the average pilot and he had gone out on numerous patrols with the 24th Infantry during the original securing of the island. The major understood the problems of the foot soldier on a job like this

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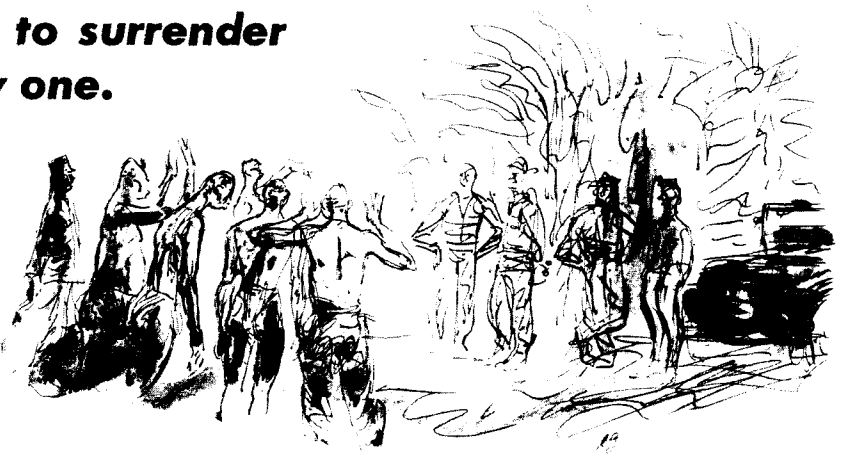
TINIAN EXPERIMENT

The island of Tinian is gradually being cleared of Japs by the novel method of getting them to surrender instead of shooting them one by one.



sweep. He knew the Japs could hide in spots impossible for an infantryman to find. He felt almost certain this latest attempt would produce no conclusive gains. The very fact that we had been patrolling the island for eight months and that Japs still remained proved this point.

In addition, the infantrymen of the 24th, who were doing this cleaning up on Tinian, had been overseas 37 months. This was no time to risk lives foolishly. Something new had to be tried.

"I was interested at this time in two things," explained Maj. Erb. "First, it was necessary to neutralize the Japanese opposition on the island in the quickest possible time so that our base might operate with peak efficiency. It seemed obvious to me that the infantry would have to work months and maybe years in order to search and clean out all the possible caves. And second, I wanted to accomplish this operation with a minimum amount of loss of life on our part."

Since the traditional method of blasting the Japs out of their caves was not too successful the only other method available was to convince the Japs they should surrender voluntarily. This on the surface looked almost impossible. Up to this date our psychological warfare program hadn't produced much results. Either the Japs were fanatical or they feared us—maybe it was a combination of both—but our leaflets and broadcasts seemed of little value.

Maj. Erb, nevertheless, decided to try an experiment in psychological warfare.

He had a new twist to the idea. Previously Americans with a knowledge of Japanese had been making our broadcasts and other appeals to the Japanese soldiers. Their accent left something to be desired and, as might be expected, the Japs rarely trusted their words. The major wanted to go right to the resisting Japanese and appeal to them directly. His plan was to use Japanese PWs themselves to make this contact.

One problem was, of course, to find a PW willing and able to return to the hills in order to convince his friends they should surrender. The major had a second problem in convincing his superiors that a PW should be released for such work. Surprisingly enough, it was easier for him to convince the Jap PW than it was to sell the idea to the Americans.

The U. S. soldier has been conditioned never to trust a Jap. "A good Jap is a dead Jap" is the phrase most easily said and understood. But Major Erb finally got permission to try his experiment and set about looking for "his Jap."

Fortunately he didn't have to wait long. The infantry, in their sweep across the island, trapped a number of Japs and after throwing a satchel charge into their hiding spot managed to disarm a few before they could get over their stunned condition. Out of this group Maj. Erb chose one who seemed tough and arrogant and a leader. The major knew for his experiment to be a success he would have to use a Jap who would command respect and possibly a bit of fear from his fellow countrymen.

The job of convincing the Jap PW — now called Tuffy by everyone on Tinian—was much easier than the major had dared to hope. No political indoctrination was necessary. The mere fact we did not kill him but instead fed and clothed him well was sufficient to change Tuffy from an arrogant bitter enemy to a cooperative and happy prisoner. In fact Tuffy had been our prisoner only one day before he volunteered to go out to bring back some of his friends.

This was a crucial time for Maj. Erb's experiment. Almost everyone was sceptical and fearful of the results. The very thought of letting a PW roam around on his own upset those who thought strictly in terms of the ARs. Actually sending Tuffy out alone did have dangerous implications which could not be ignored. Tuffy had seen our installations at first hand and this information could have been of great value to the enemy. There was the possibility Tuffy might return not as a friend but as the leader of a raiding party.

On the other hand, if Tuffy was actually going to try to bring in some of his friends this was also a crucial moment for him. Tuffy had been instructed exactly what to tell his friends. He was to tell them of his own treatment and the fact that we would not kill others if they decided to come back with him. These were the same facts we had presented to the resisting Japanese in our earlier attempts in psychological warfare. There was no assurance Tuffy's friends would take kindly to these old arguments. They might well consider Tuffy a traitor to the Emperor and kill him instead.

Tuffy must have been a good salesman for he returned from his first "patrol" with eight new PWs. He seemed to have had a hard time convincing them, for he was white and shaken as he crossed the clearing to the spot where Maj. Erb and the official observers waited. The new PWs were also shaking for even though they had been swayed by Tuffy's arguments they still were not thoroughly sold on the truth of his story.

The eight new arrivals were given the same treatment Tuffy had the day before. Soon some Japs from this group volunteered to help Tuffy in future "patrols." And so the program expanded.

At the end of the first six weeks of Maj. Erb's program exactly 313 Japanese soldiers had voluntarily given up to Tuffy and his fellow PWs. In all this time not a single shot was fired either by us or the Japs. Not one Jap who went into the hills failed to return to the stockade at the end of his "patrol." Not one PW was ever hurt by other Japs for being a "traitor to the Emperor."

Each day at 1030 a "patrol" of PWs left the stockade on Tinian and moved out into the hills to bring in more of the remaining Japanese. The other day I went out on one of these patrols and watched Tuffy return with 16 additional Jap soldiers. These men weren't even frightened. They had heard through the grapevine of our good treatment of their fellow soldiers. On questioning they admitted having considered coming out of the hills and surrendering themselves but they thought it best to wait until they could contact Tuffy and come out with him.

"This is a far cry from the time Tuffy first went out for us," enthusiastically explained T-4 Charles T. Nicolosi of Gloucester, Mass., who has been working very closely with Maj. Erb on this program. "The first Japs to surrender were frightened half to death. They honestly believed we were barbaric people and would torture them. Now that we have shown this Japanese propaganda line to be a lie they are as willing to surrender as anyone else. We're really getting results now."

Japanese propagandists, of course, have stimulated artificially a good portion of this "fear the American" attitude among their civilians and military, but we ourselves have given the Japanese added fuel for their "propaganda line."

In the early days of the war we fought at close quarters with the Japs in the jungles of the South Pacific and on the small coral atolls of the Central Pacific. Under such conditions it was impossible either for the Japs to surrender or for us to capture many even if we so desired. Because we didn't understand the Jap soldier and his oriental outlook on life we looked down upon him as being something inferior. We found it easy to kill at random. Units that took no prisoners won the reputation of being tough. It wasn't long before it became the accepted thing not to take Japanese PWs.

Now that our victories have mounted to such a crescendo that the Japs might consider surrendering in large numbers we find that our past policy of not taking prisoners stands in their way.

The work being accomplished on the island of Tinian is of course only a small item in terms of the large numbers of Japanese we are facing on the battlefields. But it serves as some indication of what may be accomplished on the battlefield if we begin an all-out program of psychological warfare.

"From our interrogation of PWs," said Maj. Erb, "everything indicates the Japanese troops fight fanatically and refuse to surrender not so much because of Emperor worship but rather because they fear death and torture in our hands. Show the Jap we are not going to kill him and he will surrender. That puts it squarely up to us."

As usual the hardest and dirtiest portion of the job falls upon the shoulders of the infantrymen. Radio broadcasts can be made and leaflets dropped but in the last analysis it is still up to the foot soldier to do the actual capturing of the Jap. This isn't going to be easy at the beginning. There is doubt the Jap soldier—and the same probably holds true for the civilian—still intends to resist being captured even if he has to kill himself. Most Japs still believe they will be tortured or killed if they fall into our hands. But with each additional Japanese soldier neutralized as a PW the task of achieving victory will be that much easier. Mass surrender of the Japanese military is a prerequisite for an early peace. Mass surrender is possible only if the American infantryman gives the Jap soldier the opportunity to surrender.

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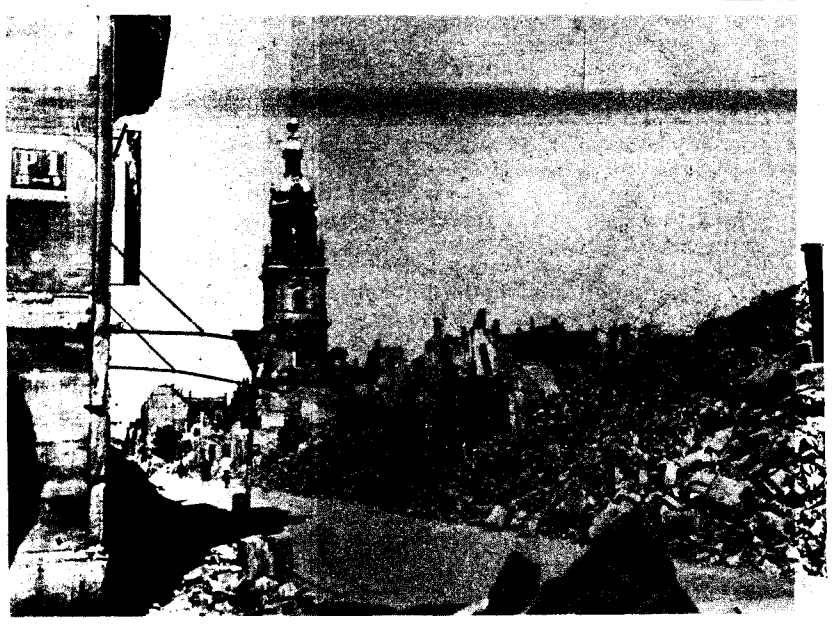
Return to MANNHEIM

In a letter home, YANK's staff photographer Pfc. Werner Wolff tells what it was like to return to the bombed German city where he was born and lived as a boy.

Mannheim is dead. The train station, the last thing we saw the night we left ten years ago, is gone, and bombs have smashed all the hotels and apartment houses. I remembered how often we used to leave by train for hikes near Heidelberg.

Our house o
marked my

Walter's home - where, you remember, we used to have parties; a sign says "Danger of Collapsing"



The City Hall tower stands yet, but the main street on bo
sides of the building is stacked with piles of stone.

Liebholds, the Jewish linen store which the Nazis seized, is now called Wagner's. It's burned out.

Even the school is destroyed although in my opinion it w
bombed many years too late.

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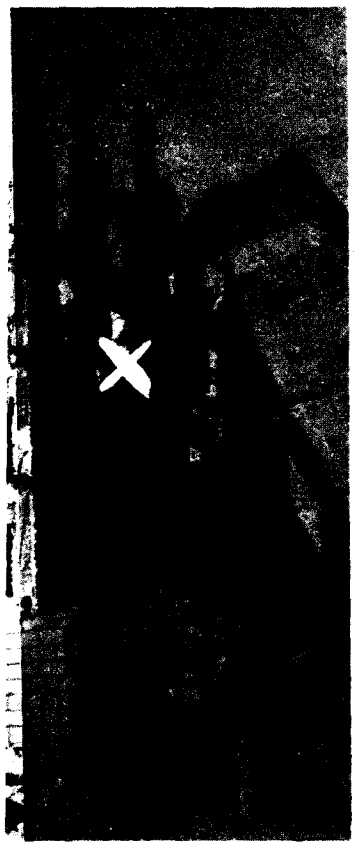
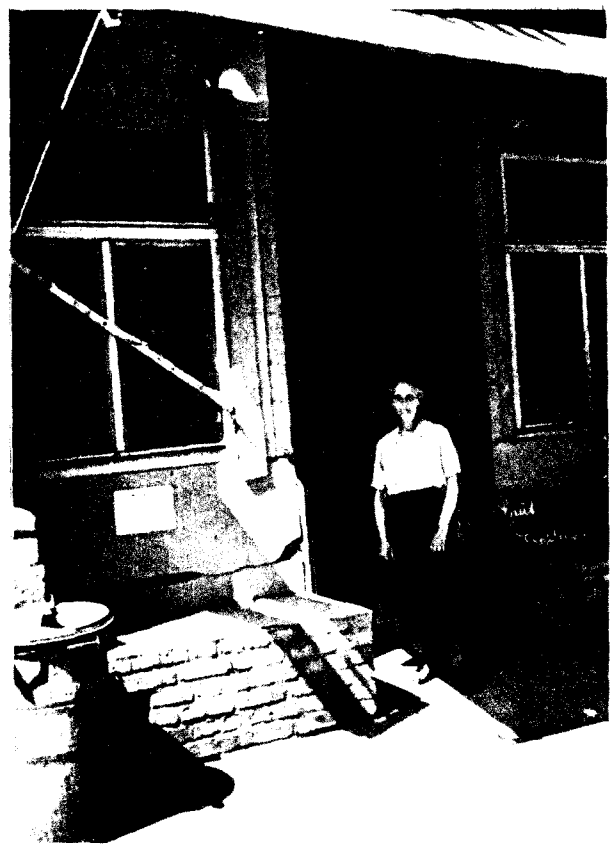


r Strasse is so gutted I'v
th an X for you.

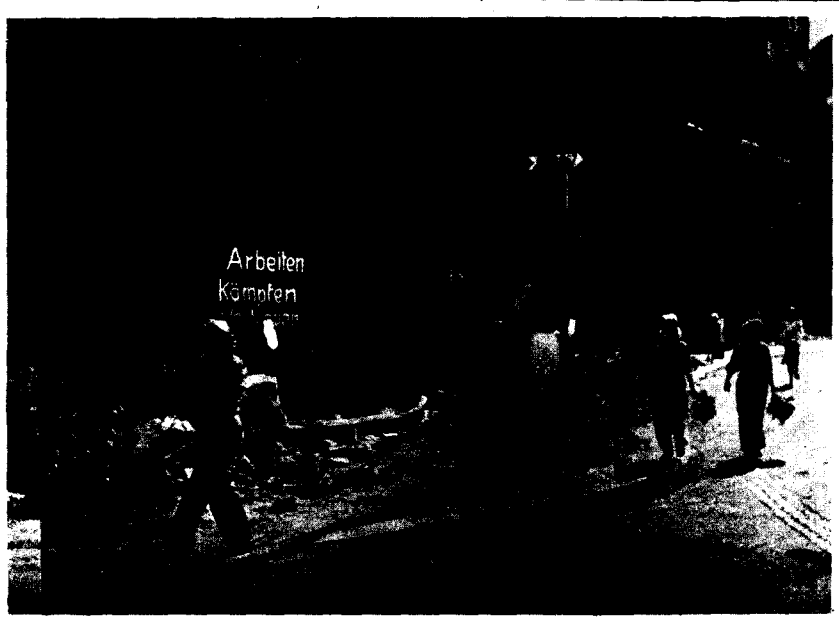
The iron gate in front of the house is gone, per-
haps for scrap. My picture was taken here.



Frau Marzi's food store is still down the block.
Her husband and children were killed by bombs.

Bad's old office is also badly wrecked and a large sign
reading "We Win" lies in front of his window.

The Rhine bridge near where we used to swim is twisted and
useless; one end points to the sky, the other is in water.



I saw French Wacs carrying flowers and they smiled as
they walked past signs reading "Work, Fight, Confidence."

Leaving Mannheim, I passed a bread line; a boy leaned a-
gainst a hydrant, but no children were playing in the street.

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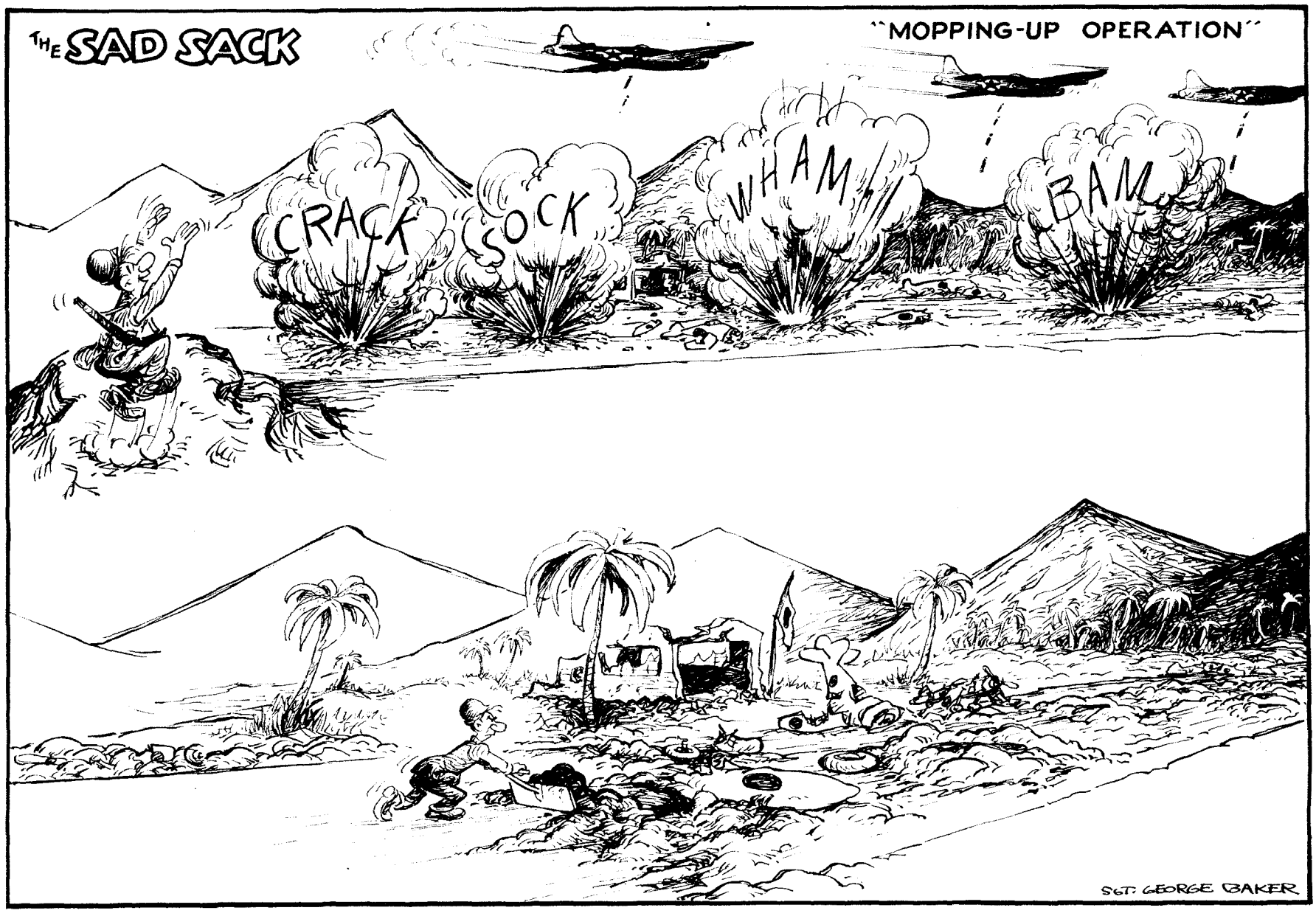

YOU GOTTA HAVE A SYSTEM

By Sgt. RAY DUNCAN

ALASKA—"Good to be back!" said S/Sgt. Bullard.

"Thatsa goddam lie," muttered Winters, and Haddington's lips formed an unkind remark, but no sound issued.

"The States," continued Bullard, "was wonderful. Hadda beat 'em off with a club. How'd everything go while I was gone?"

"Good," said Winters. Haddington's lips silently formed the word "perfect" as he bent over the stack of Form 32s.

"Look, Haddington," said S/Sgt. Bullard, "how many times do I hafta tell ya to take them forms off the *bottom* of the pile?" He tossed his traveling bag in a corner. "Is this the way you been checkin' Form 32s while I was gone?"

"How many points you got?" asked Winters, but Bullard was not to be put aside.

"Minute I leave this office everything gets messed up. It was the same when I was in the hospital—remember?"

There was no reply, but Haddington's lips twitched eloquently.

"It's like I was tellin' Capt. Daly," S/Sgt. Bullard continued. "You gotta have someone in charge here that really knows the work. Specially in the Air Corps, it's so damn technical. I said, 'Capt. Daly,' I said, 'I got two good boys workin' for me, an' they both deserve a ratin' of some kind, even it it's only pfc,' I said. 'Don't worry about that tech sergeancy for me till them boys get some kind of ratin', but of course,' I said, 'they gotta have good supervision. You gotta have somebody around who really knows what he's doin'. You gotta have a system.' "

"That," observed Winters softly, "is a crock." Haddington's lips silently finished the phrase.

"Understand," went on S/Sgt. Bullard, "I'm not sayin' that I'm specially good. Any capable experienced man could handle my job. Hell, I oughta be good, I been doin' this work long enough. A guy would be a damfool if he done this work long as me an' didn't learn somethin'."

"Right!" agreed Winters almost too quickly. Haddington made no comment, not even a silent one, but continued to check the stack of Form 32s, taking them now from the bottom of the pile.

"It's like I was tellin' Capt. Daly before I left, a couple of inexperienced men can run an office for awhile, but pretty soon things get messed up. 'Capt. Daly,' I said, 'this supply office would be the worst mess you ever saw without somebody in there with experience.' "

"Was that when Capt. Daly was lookin' for excess men to ship to the Infantry?" inquired Winters.

S/Sgt. Bullard glared around the room. "What are them mattresses doin' over there in the corner?" he demanded. "How many times I told you guys about that? See what I mean about havin' a system? I'd hate to see what this place looked like if I'd been gone another month!"

Winters' reply was unfortunately lost, because at that moment Capt. Daly appeared. "Welcome back, sergeant!" he said. "Have a nice furlough? Good to see you back! How does the office look? Everything in good shape?"

"Well," frowned Bullard, "it's like I was tellin' the boys—"

"Say," interrupted the captain, "did you hear the news? About the point system?"

"News? No, I just got in. I been asleep on the boat. What news?"

The captain told Bullard about the point system. "Jeez," he grinned, after some fast calculating, "that means I got 88 points. I'm practically out! Thatsa damn good system. Very fair an' sensible!"

"Of course," explained the captain, "other things will count too. If a man's too valuable, or indispensable, he won't get out no matter how many points he's got. Especially in the Air Forces."

There was a moment's silence. Winters hummed *Come Out, Come Out Wherever You Are,* and Haddington's lips worked in silent conversation.

"Well," resumed the captain, "how did things go here while you were gone? Everything in good shape?"

S/Sgt. Bullard roused himself from deep thought. "Oh, swell!" he grinned. "Wonderful. Even better then when I'm aroun'. These two boys have caught on swell—in fact I'm sorta in the way aroun' here now. Ain't that right, boys?"

"Right!" said Winters with too much enthusiasm. Haddington's lips formed a brief vulgar word, and he began to take forms from the top of the pile.

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News From Home

Americans wondered how long and how tough the Pacific war would be. On one hand, Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson told them not to expect an easy victory. "We must prepare ourselves," he told a Glens Falls, N. Y., audience, "to win the war with Japan the hard way—by killing Jap soldiers right through the ruins of Tokyo and throughout the home islands." On the other hand, Vice Admiral Daniel E. Barbey, in charge of the amphibious end of Gen. Douglas MacArthur's 56 landings, stirred hopes with a Stateside comment that "we can land either in Japan or China without a bit of difficulty." On the other side of the world the first meeting of the new Big Three made for conversation back home, and the opening of Senate action on the United Nations Charter was considered by most observers to be the biggest of domestic developments.

The Senate Moves. The world of the future was being shaped in the far Pacific as U. S. forces moved ever nearer the Jap homeland. It was being shaped in Potsdam, Germany, where the Big Three met to discuss problems arising out of the defeat of Hitler's Reich. And it was being shaped in the U. S. Senate, which was moving with unusual speed to act on the world security charter adopted by the San Francisco conference. On Senate action will depend whether this country does or does not become a member of the postwar organization.

COL. HOBBY'S REPLACEMENT. Under Secretary of War Robert Patterson pins colonel's eagles on the shoulders of Lt. Col. Westray B. Boyce of Rocky Mount, N. C., who succeeds Col. Oveta Culp Hobby as director of the WAC. Col. Hobby is retiring.

Just about everybody in Washington seemed to agree that the Senate would vote for membership. Its Foreign Relations Committee had started the ball rolling by voting, 20 to 0, for approval of the document drawn up in San Francisco. The view of the committee was expected to carry much weight on the Senate floor.

Public hearings preceded the committee's vote. In behalf of the charter had appeared such figures as William Green, head of the AFL; Philip Murray, head of the CIO, and John Foster Dulles, former foreign affairs adviser to Gov. Thomas E. Dewey of New York. Against the charter, or one or another of its provisions, had been John T. Flynn, writer and economist; Ely Culbertson, bridge expert, and David Watley, a Washington lawyer who said that the U. S. couldn't become a member of the world organization without first adopting a Constitutional Amendment.

The hearings, on the word of Washington correspondents, went remarkably fast. When they were over and the committee members had cast their votes, Sen. Tom Connally [D., Texas], committee chairman, predicted that there wouldn't be more than six votes against ratification in the Senate as a whole. Earlier, he had said that the opposition might rally as many as 10 votes. For ratification, a two-thirds majority is necessary. If Sen. Connally was right, the majority would far exceed the necessary votes.

Predictions. Sen. Connally wasn't the only American who went in for prophecy. Lots of Americans, some of them just ordinary folk and others bearing the label "expert," tried to predict what President Truman, Prime Minister Churchill and Marshal Stalin would agree upon at Potsdam.

Many commentators thought that the Potsdam meeting would concern itself principally with reaching all-around agreement on how to treat the Germans in their total defeat. But some Washington dopesters held it not unlikely that the possibility of Russia's entering the Pacific war on the side of the Allies might also be discussed.

Washington has long discouraged speculation about Russia's plans in the Far East, and the dopesters of the air and press sensibly refrained from claiming to have any "inside" information.

A good deal of attention was paid to assertions of the Tokyo radio that the Japs had never at any time put out any "peace feelers." To hear the Japs tell it, we, not they, were the people who were tired of the war, and we, not they, were the people who faced inevitable defeat. Even if it was only whistling to keep up its courage the Tokyo radio didn't exactly encourage home-front talk of easy victory in the Far East.

Overseas Brides. Also looking into the future, though not the military future, were the American Red Cross and the English Speaking Union, an organization dedicated to the promotion of good will among nations that speak English in no matter what accent. Anticipating that from 60,000 to 100,000 foreign-born wives who married U. S. servicemen will eventually come to the States, the Red Cross and the Union joined hands in a nation-wide program of hospitality and help for the young ladies. Already 3,000 such brides have arrived in this country, and the first club for them is being opened in New York City.

In announcing the program, Mrs. W. Henry France, the Union's national director, said: "Homesickness is the trouble common to all overseas brides. They keep a stiff upper lip and few of them ever admit they are lonely with their new American in-laws, but we know that they will welcome the opportunity to meet young women of their own country or other overseas lands, whose problems are similar to their own."

The program also calls for establishment of committees to help overseas brides find apartments and jobs and to assist them in shopping, rationing and budget problems.

Pvt. William K. Dobson and his wife after his induction.

Divorcee. The marital problems of Barbara Hutton, heiress to a $40,000,000 dime-store fortune, also got attention in the press and on the radio, although nobody seems to have offered to start any nation-wide program in her behalf. In Hollywood the 30-year-old heiress filed suit for her third divorce—this time from Cary Grant, the movie actor, who, Miss Hutton complained, had caused her "grievous mental distress, suffering and anguish."

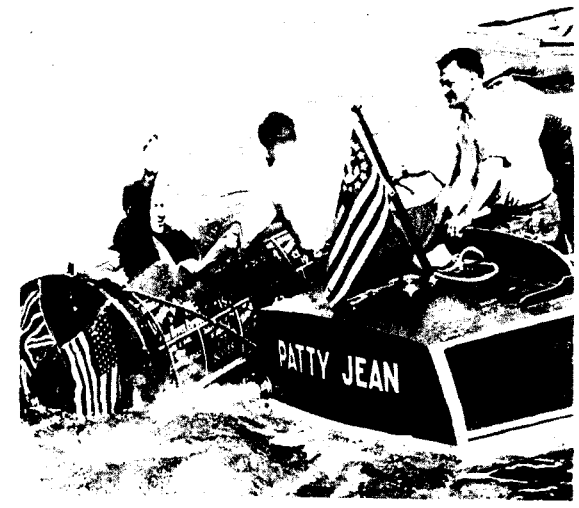
The pair got married in 1942. Twice during the past year they have separated. This time it was apparently for good. Miss Hutton's other divorces were from Prince Alexis Mdivani, a Russian, whom she married in 1933. She divorced him two years later on cruelty charges in Reno and 24 hours later married Danish-born Count von Haugwitz Reventlow, whom she divorced in 1938. Grant, English-born, was the lady's first nontitled spouse.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Harry L. Hopkins, who recently resigned as special adviser to the President, took a job as impartial chairman of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union at around $25,000 a year. Hopkins will preside over collective agreements covering 50,000 employees and 1,300 employers. The job was formerly held by James J. Walker, once mayor of New York City. . . . **Samuel Goldwyn,** the movie man, announced that he had been authorized to make a film based on the career of Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower. The script will be written by Robert E. Sherwood and profits will go to non-profit foundations to be selected by Goldwyn and Eisenhower. . . . **Alla Nazimova,** long-time star of stage and screen, died at 66. . . . **Forest (Nubbins) Hoffman,** the Cheyenne boy who wasn't expected to live until last Christmas and became a national figure when his family moved his Christmas up to November 19, reached the age of 4. . . . **Pvt. Joseph McGee,** who was released from a two-year sentence for slapping a German prisoner-of-war in Germany, was in stir again. A Fort Devens, Mass., court martial sentenced him to six months' hard labor for being AWOL and drunk in uniform. . . . **Cordell Hull,** 73-year-old former Secretary of State, who has been a patient at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Bethesda, Md., undergoing treatment for a throat ailment, was discharged after medics noted a "most satisfactory recovery." . . . **Mrs. D. Leigh Colvin,** president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, said a survey conducted by her organization showed that during the first 11 years of repeal drinking in the States had doubled and the cost of drinking trebled. Last year, she said, people were spending money for booze at the rate of $54 for each man, woman and child in the U. S. . . . **Alfred Broccoli,** heir of the family for which the vegetable was named, was sued for divorce in Los Angeles by Gloria Blondell, sister of the actress Joan.

IN BRIEF

In **Washington,** members of the Senate Military Affairs Committee charged that the Army had a surplus of doctors and should release them faster for civilian practice. . . . During the past year Americans have made outright gifts of nearly $1,500,000 to the Federal Government. Typical letters speak of the gifts as "my additional contribution to the war effort." . . . The Office of Defense Transportation and the Interstate Commerce Commission banned the interstate transportation of race horses by train or truck, unless the vehicle belongs to the individual horse owner. The ban, it was said, would have no great effect on meetings already on in New York City, Boston, Chicago and Detroit. . . . The Army disclosed that William K. Dobson, 26, of **Atlanta,** was taking basic training as a private at Camp Blanding, Fla., after having been discharged last February as a lieutenant for "unsatisfactory service." Further explanation wasn't given. . . . The **Omaha (Neb.)** Chamber of Commerce was mad at the Office of War Information because the OWI described the states of North and South Dakota, Kansas, Wyoming, Colorado and Utah as just "prairie land." The OWI apologized for its error. . . . The Third Regional War Labor Board authorized the Coca-Cola Co. of **Wilmington, Del.,** to pay former workers discharged from military service increases up to 15 percent of their Jan. 1, 1941, salaries. Some papers said the WLB had paved the way for all veterans to get such wage boosts.



BARREL ROLL. William "Red" Hill Jr. comes to shore after going over the rapids at Niagara Falls in the barrel used by his father, who made the trip three times. Hill's idea was to raise money for life-saving equipment as a memorial to his father.

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RAILROADS

Redeployment is the toughest of the problems the railroads face now, but they're still planning busily for that postwar world where everyone will ride in style.

By Sgt. BURTT EVANS
YANK Staff Writer

PEOPLE working on the railroad these livelong days have got more to do than just pass the time away. Railroad men have a lot on their minds and a lot on their hands. Their industry, like every other industry, has got to think about postwar challenges. But while they're dreaming up ways to improve postwar service and meet postwar competition, they've got a still bigger problem to solve; they have to lick the toughest of their war assignments.

The immediate question is: Can America's undermanned, insufficiently equipped, long-overburdened railroads handle the toughest transportation job in history—the highballing of 3,100,000 combat GIs and millions of tons of equipment from coast to coast? On the answer to that question depends the length and, just possibly, the very success of the fight to bring Japan to heel.

Even old-time trainmen have misgivings. Consider the problems.

U. S. railroads will carry as many troops in the 10 months between June 15, 1945, and April 15, 1946, as they did in two average wartime years up to this time. President Truman put it this way: "The transportation performance in mobilizing our victorious armies in Europe over a period of four long, difficult years required the utmost effort. We must now complete in 10 months a task only one-third less than the previous job, which required nearly 48 months."

With three-quarters of the freight and passenger cars, two-thirds of the locomotives and few more than three-quarters of the employees that they had in 1918, American railroads have been performing just about twice as much freight and passenger service as they did in the first World War.

And that's not all. Redeployed GIs are getting furloughs en route to the Pacific. Railroad experts figure that each man being redeployed will make a minimum of six or seven train rides, from staging area to personnel center to home and back again through the same channels, thence to the embarkation point. This redeployment program, which will hit a peak of troop movements involving 1,500,000 men next November, coincides with the transit of millions of discharged war workers, the flow of inductees to camps, transport of casualties and export of food and clothing to help Europe.

Will this mean the rationing of U. S. rail transportation? Railroad officials think not, because of the difficulty of determining just what constitutes essential travel. Still, Col. J. Monroe Johnson, director of the Office of Defense Transportation, has indicated that some system of priorities, or rationing, will be necessary, saying flatly that civilian travel on Pullmans will be cut by 75 percent during the redeployment period, since more than 350,000 soldiers will be on furlough at all times.

Railroads will carry 88 percent of the peak movement of redeployment freight to the Pacific, with trucks handling 10 percent and waterways about 2 percent. "The possibility of eastern civilians getting west of the Mississippi is almost nil," Col. Johnson says, pointing out that at the beginning of the summer there were still many persons in Florida who had gone there last fall just for a brief stay.

Shortly after redeployment got under way some troops were put into ancient day coaches for the east coast-west coast haul. Naturally, the men got no sleep; moreover, washing and toilet facilities were inadequate. The men made a bitter complaint, and the War Department backed them up. The ODT, noting that redeployment had got off to an unexpectedly quick start, promised to get the situation in hand.

Since then, all Pullman sleeping cars on runs less than 450 miles have been ordered withdrawn. This releases 895 Pullman sleepers to the Army and means, for example, that there are no sleepers for civilians between New York and Washington.

Col. Johnson emphasized that summer vacations should be spent at home, and revealed that the ODT ban on conventions had cut civilian travel by 6 percent. More than 50 resort trains have been taken out of civilian service. To pare unnecessary travel further, ODT has decreed that reservations on passenger trains may be obtained no more than five days in advance, in contrast to the previous 30-day limit.

All West Coast lines have long been overburdened, with the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe particularly hard hit by the manpower shortage. Signs of the times are the placards in Frisco's dining cars: "To use this table for debate means dozens must stand and wait" and "From now until the war is won, it is polite to eat and run."

With the railroads hitting peak loads GIs can't always expect a comfortable ride. This heap of soldiers had just come back from overseas and was headed for a reception center in the west

The east coast, with its numerous ports and network of rail lines, can handle a vast amount of heavy traffic. But rail and port facilities become progressively less adequate as troops and freight move west. From the four rail-terminal bottlenecks at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans only seven railroad lines, often single-track, surmount the Rocky Mountains and proceed to Seattle, San Francisco and Los Angeles, the three largest west coast ports. The rail lines have always been geared to the capacity of the ports, and even if the railroads could step up the amount of tonnage carried, there still might be a west coast shipping jam.

MANPOWER is the great need of American railroads today. Some 350,000 trained railroaders are in the armed services, 52,000 from the Pennsylvania Railroad alone. Although the railroads are employing 115,000 women, four times as many as before the war, in various types of jobs—including turntable operators and steamhammer drivers—they say they urgently require at least 90,000 more men, especially brakemen, firemen and switchmen. To alleviate this shortage, ODT requested the War Department to discharge 25,000 experienced railroaders from the Army and to free another 10,000 on furlough. So far the WD has "reluctantly" furloughed 4,000 soldiers for 30 days work on the railroads.

Equipment is the second most urgent need. The railroads today have approximately 600,000 fewer freight cars, 16,000 fewer passenger cars and 22,000 fewer locomotives than they had in 1918. The only bright aspect of this picture is that the railroads expect to get 1,200 new triple-deck troop sleepers and 400 troop kitchen cars from the shops this winter.

Though there may be occasional tie-ups and there have already been snafus, the huge job of shuttling many armies across the continent will undoubtedly get done. Past railroad performance indicates that. When the lines were faced with another unprecedented situation at the war's start, they got tough with themselves. Every freight car was loaded to capacity. Shippers were induced to load and unload cars at top speed.

The railroads say they have cooperated handsomely with Government agencies to attain a maximum of efficiency. By interlocking their joint facilities they get more speed and a better flow of traffic.

One example of this coordination: Less than five hours after the war in Europe ended, the first freight car had been turned around and headed for a Pacific port.

Spectacular results achieved through teamwork and new techniques during the war augur well for the future of railroading when it meets the competition of the plane, automobile, bus and truck after VJ-Day. That this competition, particularly aviation, with its Government-subsidized airports and facilities, presents a strong challenge even railroad officials will admit.

To meet the challenge some of the larger railroads have conducted surveys to find out just what train passengers want in the way of riding comforts and conveniences. The Boston & Maine went directly to the seat of the problem by setting up a specially designed chair in the main concourse of Boston's North Station. Thousands of passengers have lowered themselves into the chair to be measured, the idea being that railway seats ought to be fitted to the public instead of vice versa.

Surveys show that most passengers prefer individual reclining seats and would like more leg room, thank you. They don't like dirty washrooms and uneven temperatures in the cars, as if you didn't know. A decided preference was shown for broad windows—72.3 percent as against 19.6 percent favoring the narrower, individual windows. The men who managed the

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survey kept discreetly quiet on the question of a car window that would open.

An overwhelming majority—92 percent—of passengers interviewed favored the one-class train, giving such unmilitary reasons as "Class distinctions on the same train in America are in bad taste" and "Everyone should share facilities alike and go where he pleases."

Virtually nobody admitted that economy was the reason for liking the one-class, all-coach streamliners with club facilities. Instead, such factors as comfort, cleanliness, speed and reserved seats were usually mentioned.

Though there will presumably be few troop movements, little visiting of far-away camps and less migration of labor after the war, railroad officials expect much travel because of the new and distant contacts people have made.

Railroad men anticipate a spirit of restlessness and a new moneyed class with plenty of leisure. They hope to get the bulk of this business with a new fleet of all-coach streamliners like the Champion of the Atlantic Coast Line, the Jeffersonian of the Pennsylvania, the Pacemaker of the New York Central, the El Capitan of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, the City of Miami of the Illinois Central and the Southerner of the Southern. Though they may use more lightweight aluminum and magnesium in fixtures and may have improved lighting, air-conditioning and recreational facilities, the new streamliners will not differ radically from the ones already in service.

The Pullman Company's best postwar bet is a new triple-deck coach sleeper, with 40 berths as compared to the 14 upper and 14 lower berths in the conventional Pullman. In the daytime the sleeper is an attractively roomy coach, with the seats all on one side of the car, somewhat in the European fashion. At night each triplex tier of berths forms a section, running across the width of the car. Pullman expects the cost of such sleeper transportation to be brought so low that even the automobile will not have a conclusive margin when overnight trips involving hotel or auto-camp expenses are considered.

Pullman is also experimenting with a "duplex-roomette sleeper," a single-bed, air-conditioned room with individual lavatory facilities costing slightly more than the usual lower berth. And Pullman-Standard Car Manufacturing Company is prepared to build a "Threedex" commuter coach, which has four washrooms and four game rooms and will seat 112 passengers, one and one-third times the capacity of the present commuter coach. Passengers enter at either side on a middle level (the same as the floor level of present coaches) and ascend a central stairway to the top deck of seats or descend one of two side stairways to the lower deck.

Already in operation on the Burlington Lines is one of General Motors' new "Vista Dome" coaches, a streamlined car with a laminated, heat-and-ray-resisting glass dome from which passengers may enjoy unrestricted 360-degree vision of the passing scenery. This air-conditioned penthouse contains 24 deep-cushioned seats where passengers ride with heads and shoulders well above the train's roof line. Other novel cars still on the drawing boards include spacious new diners, well-appointed lounge and recreation cars and a playroom for children.

GI railroaders of the Military Railway Service in places like Iran have learned the advantages of Diesel power, if they did not know them before. Diesel locomotives are making gains on the home front, too. They now represent more than eight percent of motive power on U. S. railroads.

Where the normal schedule for steam-powered freight is six days, on several occasions 2,000 tons of freight, hauled by one 5,400-horsepower Diesel engine, have been hurtled from a Chicago warehouse to San Francisco dockside in less than 53 hours. Diesel engines can round curves at higher speed than steam engines and they can travel long distances without making as many stops for refueling.

STEAM still has its advocates, however. Recently, the Pennsylvania Railroad put into operation a revolutionary type of coal-burning steam locomotive, powered by a direct drive turbine engine, which is said to have the smoothness of an electric-powered locomotive and the power to pull a full-length passenger train at 100 miles an hour.

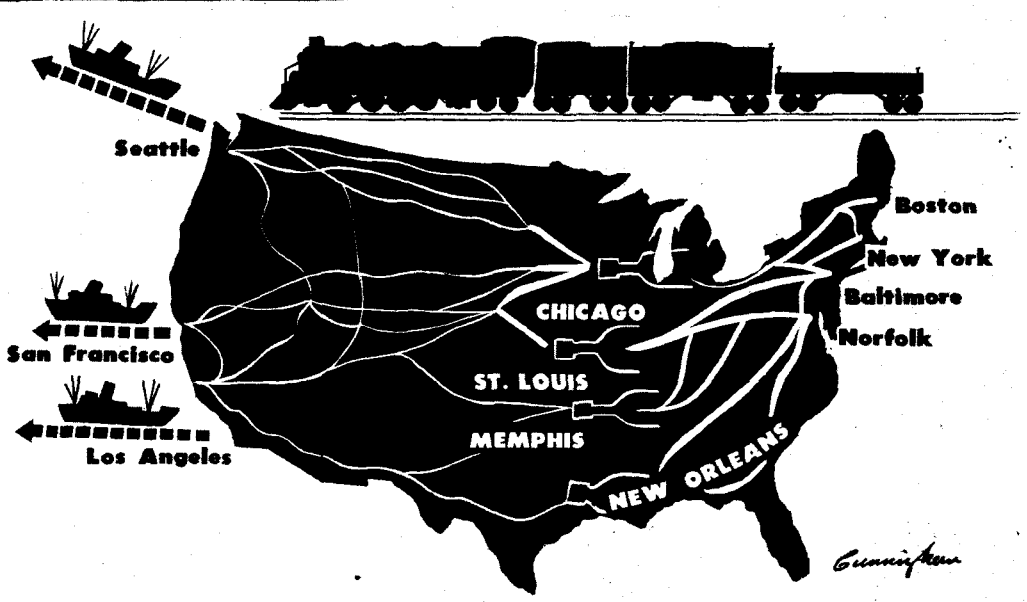
Major source of revenue on most railroads is freight traffic. Some engineers predict more drastic changes in freight car construction than in passenger cars. To meet truck and plane competition, the railroads expect to advertise complete lightweight freight trains, of modern design, set up on fast schedules between important terminals—trains with catchy names like those of the passenger streamliners.

The most widely used method of determining the flow of traffic on the rails is checking train positions by phone and passing out train orders to engine crews en route. A new system called CTC—centralized traffic control—has been one of the most important factors in keeping the trains rolling on the Western roads, where vast mileages are single track. Eliminating the use of train orders, CTC puts the dispatcher in direct control of block signals and switches at all passing sidings. Electric lights on a plotting board of his entire district locate each train for the dispatcher; under the diagram is a set of levers by which siding switches are controlled. Though it costs about $15,000 a mile, CTC gives 85 percent of double-track efficiency.

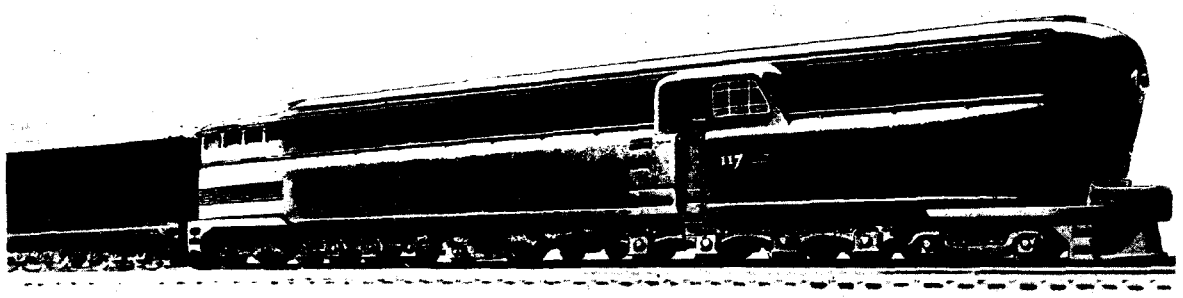
Some railroads have also installed improved radio and telephone service. At least one line is using facsimile to send orders to moving trains, to direct dispatchers where to pick up and set out cars, etc. A method of instantaneous reproduction of written messages and illustrations over a wire or by radio, facsimile has two main advantages: Pictures and diagrams as well as words can be transmitted and there is always a written record of the message.

Sentimentalists won't like one aspect of the railroad of the future, though it may prove a blessing to insomnia sufferers. New spot-welding techniques developed during the war have made it possible to lay welded rails, one continuous strip of metal, instead of short lengths bolted together. This may eventually eliminate forever the pleasant clickety-clack of the railroad track.

This drawing shows you the kind of day coach you'll probably ride in after the war. Some of the new features will be long wide windows, soft individual seats that lean back, and plenty of room for your legs.



The main railroad lines from east to west are located on this map, with the bottlenecks that develop at Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis and New Orleans and the seven main lines running to west coast ports.



The engine shown in this sketch is a new steam-turbine-electric model being ordered for postwar use. The coal is carried in the locomotive's head instead of the tender. The boiler is behind the engineer's cab.

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YANK THE ARMY WEEKLY

Mail Call

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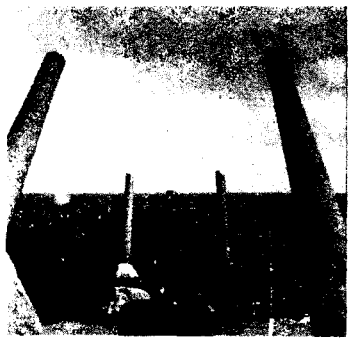

This Week's Cover

ON an aircraft carrier in the Pacific, Sgt. Lonnie Wilson of YANK photographs a catapult take-off. The carrier's 5-inch guns frame the picture.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Sgt. Lon Wilson. 2—Upper, S/Sgt. Edward A. Andros; center, Signal Corps; lower, Sgt. William E. Bonhoff. 3—S/Sgt. Andros. 4—Sgt. Bonhoff. 5—Sgt. Roger Wrenn. 6—Sgt. Rudolph Sanford. 8 & 9—Sgt. George Aarons. 12 & 13—Pfc. Werner Wolff. 15—Acme, INP, PA. 16—PA. 17—Left, Association of American RR; right, Chesapeake & Ohio RR. 20—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. 22—Cpl. Richard Douglass. 23—Signal Corps.

Jewish Allies

Dear YANK:

As a U. S. soldier who has watched at close range the rise of Hitler to power and the Nazification of Germany, I fully understand and appreciate the laws of non-fraternization which we are now applying to the German people. But as a member of that minority which has suffered most under the Nazi regime, I cannot see the reason why the same laws should be applied to the remnants of the Jewish community in Germany.

These people, who until the day of our occupation had been forced to wear the Yellow Badge as a sign of inferiority, are one of the few allies we now encounter within the Reich's border. Hardly one of them would not have preferred a life of hard toil in an allied country to life in Nazi Germany. These Jewish people who survived the Hitler regime have for many years been the slave laborers, scapegoats and guinea pigs for party and Wehrmacht, the objects of the worst Nazi sadism. And yet we refuse to give them special status, but instead treat them as we treat the Germans, our enemies.

Hitler and his henchmen were able to maintain a clear distinction for the evil purpose. Why can't we do the same for the righteous cause?

Germany —**Indignant Corporal**

Discharge Points

Dear YANK:

I am a 39-year-old bald-headed pre-Pearl Harbor father of two boys, drafted in March 1941, 10 months before we entered the war.

Now in my fifth year in the service with one-half of it overseas, I find that I am refused a discharge because I am declared essential due to a critical "spec" number, which by the way, was given to me only a few months ago. The "critical" angle is very questionable since my 12-year-old son could perform the duties to which I am assigned; namely, charge of quarters on a night shift.

My replacement was found and reported for duty over a week ago and we are both still on the job, so you see it isn't a question of a replacement being found, nor a shortage of manpower.

On investigation I find that I am frozen regardless because I am in the Service Forces. I did not ask to be assigned there but took my given assignment and performed my duties to the best of my ability. Now it seems I am being penalized for it. So, I wonder if the "point system" with its usual strings attached is a fair deal for the veteran? Figure it out for yourself:

	Points
50 months' service before May 12, '45	50
27 months overseas	27
3 battle stars (5 points each)	15
2 children (one is over 18 and a Marine)	12
TOTAL	104

. . . This old man is wondering if he ever does get out whether he'll be able to compete with all of these young fellows being discharged by the thousands for a job in order to support his family.

ASF, Miami, Fla. —**(Name Withheld)**

Dear YANK:

We realize that there is still ahead of us a long difficult struggle in the Pacific and we do not want to shirk. But we say the policy should be "first in, first out" regardless of marital status, parenthood, or whatever. The only fair system would be to reverse the draft or give—say—one point for each month in the service, two points for each month overseas, and three (or four) points for each combat month.

So some of the guys got married and were lucky enough to father some children before the Army got them. Therefore, their dependents kept them out of the Army until last and now the dependent children are getting them out first. Should fathering a child count as much toward discharge as six months in this stinking jungle? Some of us who are married and who waited for the war to be over before planning for children would like to get home before we are too old. Some of us who are single would like to get home to marry "that girl" who has been waiting three or four years.

If the WD insists on allowing 12 points for each child, why not some points for dependent parents and wives?

India —**Sgt. WOODIE SALLIS***

***Also signed by five others.**

Bonus Suggestion

Dear YANK:

. . . To those pro-bonus advocates who want an outright gift, from an already heavily taxed nation, for having helped to save their own tails, I offer this suggestion:

Give yourself a good kick in the pants! If a bonus were paid, the joes who are most deserving wouldn't be able to rise from beneath those little white crosses to come home and collect their money.

Victory, in itself, is the best bonus we could desire. Every day I thank God that I'll be able to go back to an America which is still operated by Americans; that my wife will be living in a home, rather than in a women's camp for "entertaining" Jap and German officers; that the cop on the corner will be an American civilian, rather than a Jap or a German soldier; that I will be able to work with Americans, rather than slave for a foreigner; that I can listen to any radio program I want; that I can "cuss" the government without fear of being shot; that only a portion of my money will be taken for the Government's use; and, last but not least, that I am going back to America—period!

Upon invitation from the President, I, too, have given some of the best years of my life. The fact that I have some years still left is a *very* satisfactory bonus, in my opinion.

Britain —**S/Sgt. ARTHUR W. McCANLESS**

GIs' Dependents

Dear YANK:

Dale Vagler's *Mail Call* letter, "Gimmie, Gimmie, Gimmie," was very amusing, and I admire his sense of humor, but I can't say much for his foresight. If a man is discharged today, he is compelled to compete with more fortunate fellow laborers who have been drawing high wages since the war started.

Even with top wages, laborers find it difficult to get along at the present cost of living. Still the Government expects its servicemen's dependents to live on a fraction of the money that laborers are drawing.

This problem isn't too difficult for the serviceman's wife who is willing and physically able to work and earn her own livelihood, but young mothers and disabled parents are forced to accept the lowest accommodations if they desire to be with their husbands or sons at camp.

Disabled parents are forced to sell their business and property to meet living expenses when they are unable to hire labor at the present wage scale and unable to continue working because of ill health.

Many servicemen's dependents are scratching right now. I don't believe that all claims are justified, but for wartime living Army dependency pay, in many cases, needs adjusting.

Scottsbluff, Nebr. —**Pfc. CHARLES G. HARDING**

Combat Training Cadre?

Dear YANK:

I have recently read several letters from noncoms who are now overseas suggesting that the training cadre now in the States be replaced by men with combat experience. With all due respect to these men who have been in combat, generally speaking it just does not work out.

For one thing, the men coming back from theaters of war to these training camps do not want to settle down to the routine of training required of them. They simply don't take any interest in teaching men IRTC methods. Another is, IRTC sets up certain standards of training. With few exceptions these standards do not deviate from the "book." It makes no difference how much experience a man has had on the field of battle, if IRTC says a subject is to be taught a certain way it will be taught that way. A veteran may disagree in many respects with our training, but he is absolutely helpless to change it. I know because I have seen this very thing happen.

I agree our trainees should have more practical work and perhaps less garrison. More night problems and less time spent on the PRI circle. "Teach the men how to grab that rifle or machine gun and fire it, to hell with the manual of arms" is the cry from overseas. Well, that is exactly what we would like to do, but when IRTC S-3 plans our work for us that is what we teach.

These facts convince me the men who have not been "over" take more interest in teaching the trainees what the AGF wants them taught. We just do not know any different. Please don't think I am "bucking" to stay here in the States. Fact is, I'm expecting my shipping orders immediately if not sooner.

Camp Gordon, Ga. —**Sgt. GEORGE W. PAGE**

Carbine Carving

Dear YANK:

I'm sure that at one time or another every GI who has an old-style carbine has had trouble in pushing the clip-release button instead of the safety button. The two buttons are located very close together to be operated with the forefinger of the right hand.

With a knife we cut out a path to the safety button about one-eighth inch in depth, then smooth it out with a piece of sharp glass towards the pistol grip of the carbine. This method has been found by myself and other fellows of my outfit to be a very successful and quicker and better way for the forefinger to get to the safety button instead of straying to the clip-release button, which if pushed will cause the ammunition clip to drop from the weapon to the ground.

We hope this simple operation will prove to be a help to the GI who has a carbine for his protection.

Philippines —**Cpl. JOHN R. SADLOWSKI**

Farewell From England

Dear YANK:

Quite a few of us over here would like to say how very sorry we are to be saying goodbye to your boys.

We've had them in our homes ever since they first came over so we feel we're losing many good friends.

Their never-failing cheeriness helped us in our bad times; they were fairy godfathers to our children, and they gave the girl friends the time of their lives.

Their lack of convention was maybe startling at times but it did us good and melted some of our reserve!

We're all very very grateful for all you've done for us—and to the memory of those brave boys who will never leave Europe.

Please write to us and in the meantime good luck and Godspeed to a happy journey's end. In your language, it's sure been swell meeting you guys.

Norfolk, England —**MRS. E. WILKINSON**

Can Openers

Dear YANK:

What I am about to bitch about may sound funny to you readers but we cooks of this battery have had one hell of a time since we came overseas trying to get our canned foods opened up. The table of equipment does not call for a can opener and, since we were told what to carry when we left the States we have been unable to locate one.

Your readers may think we are can-opener cooks, but I would like to put any of them in the back of our kitchen and have him cook and open cans while moving along on a bumpy road. Many a time when the cleaver was coming down I would wonder if it was going to hit the can or take my thumb or finger off. I don't know if the man behind the desk who writes up these T/Es has gone through any of these experiences, but I do wish he would look into it. In our division some of our chow trucks have been up front so close to the enemy that they dare not open a can for fear the enemy would hear them. So won't someone please take heed to this letter and send us a can opener of some kind?

Germany —**Pfc. ROBERT DE SAUTELLE***

***Also signed by three others.**

Tax Exemption

Dear YANK:

In regard to Pfc. Rowon's tax-exemption plan, I say it would be impossible. In the first place, our national war debt is too great to make only certain individuals pay for it. With the free education and privileges that we servicemen will receive after being discharged we should be able to reach the goal we were striving for before the war. It takes money to sponsor such a program.

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Where will the Government get this money? From taxes? Who will pay the taxes? Now that is the question.

If servicemen and women are exempt from taxes, families depending on servicemen to support them are tax exempt and 18-year-old boys entering the Army for a year of training are tax exempt. Who in the hell is left to pay? Servicemen and women returning from the war will be replacing people who, with the money earned, would have paid taxes, while they are tax exempt. Girls will be leaving the factories, shops, etc., to get married to their returning men. Since they will belong to servicemen, they will be tax exempt. Again I ask, who will pay the taxes?

According to Rowon's plan, the minority of Americans will pay off our war debt. If he is the kind of fellow who would stand by and watch the minority of Americans strive to pay off our national debt, then he should move to a country where they have the "privileged class." It's our debt and it is up to us to pay it off. Maybe the old-age homes could pay off what Rowon calls "the debt that the fellows dragging in the lettuce in America owe."

If Rowon is so concerned about getting out of paying taxes, think about the poll tax.

Indio —Cpl. JOHN W. EPLEY

Tough War

Dear YANK:

This is written to console the four pfcs whose letters you published under the heading "Automatic Pfcs." These men, though happy that others would automatically make pfc after a year, were bemoaning the fact that their T/Os held them back. Well, listen to this:

My rate is pfc. I am a navigator. I am responsible for all and doing all that any aircraft navigator in the U. S. armed forces is doing except that my flights are longer than the average and are to small pinpoint islands in many cases. Then, practically all of my flying is over water.

Now in the Army and Navy all qualified navigators are officers but not so the Marine Corps. I have been navigator for over a year as a pfc. I have been in my present squadron for eight months and the T/O calls for no navigator below the rank of staff sergeant yet I remain a pfc.

There are many men in the Army with the rank of captain doing my identical job.

My friends outside the service refuse to believe I am a navigator for they think all navigators are officers.

And a few more points: I have a college degree in engineering; my IQ is 25 points above that required to be an officer; my ability to navigate has never been questioned. I have never been lost and I was one of the top men in my class in navigation school.

Yet in the face of all this when the question of rates comes up I am told "rates are frozen."

Tell your pfc correspondents, "It's a tough war."

Pacific —Pfc. GEORGE BRAILSFORD, USMC

German Labor

Dear YANK:

The sun has been gradually moving northward and it's getting hotter over here. The other day, however, it wasn't the sun that made me so hot under the collar. I read the story of different German prison camps. General Patton's idea of forcing civilians to make the sickening tour of a camp was a good one. But how about some real punishment? And I mean real punishment.

France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway should all be rebuilt by German labor—and the Russians should be permitted to draft all the Germans they see fit from the portion of the land of the superman that they will control.

Stripping Germany of manpower ought to keep the birth rate down so it may be 75 years before we have to fight them again instead of only 25. I can't see where 10 years, or so, of forced labor is too much to ask for the torture and the lives of your buddies and mine—let alone the destruction throughout Europe.

Marianas —Sgt. RICHARD C. DREIR*

*Also signed by two others.

Officer Fraternization

Dear YANK:

We are members of a company in the 398th Infantry. Tonight we witnessed something which we feel is our duty to report.

This evening, an officer in our company took three German girls in an Army vehicle—under the protest of the driver—after curfew, to an officers' party at the battalion officers' quarters.

Our guard halted the jeep before it left the company area and refused passage of the vehicle. He was immediately backed by the sergeant of the guard and the first sergeant. The officer called the CO at the party, who gave him a direct order to bring the girls to the party. The driver was given a direct order to drive the vehicle down to the party.

Naturally, the company was in a rage. We don't pretend to be angels. There are few in the ETO, but when an officer will reprimand a man for talking to a girl and then take out three in a GI vehicle, we feel it has gone too far. We don't believe our officers are permitted such divine power.

Our CO later made an explanation to his men. He claimed that he received a direct order from battalion to permit the girls to travel without a pass and was ordered to have the girls brought to the party. Furthermore, he said German girls are permitted to be "hired" for entertainment purposes. We'd like to know how the young frauleins were compensated for their "work."

Has Gen. Eisenhower rescinded his nonfraternization orders? Perhaps the officers are getting the jump on us. We have been warned and some even fined for fraternization, yet we have no way to hit back except hope the right person reads this.

Germany —A Company of Doughs

Message Center

Dear YANK:

I haven't seen *Message Center* in recent issues of YANK. Have you discontinued that department? Do you still run a shoulder patch exchange?

Philippines —Pvt. IRWIN DAVIS

■ YANK was forced to discontinue its Message Center because of lack of space. It still provides on request mimeographed lists of addresses of GIs and officers who are interested in swapping shoulder patches.

Sun Caps

Dear YANK:

How can we awaken the GI millinery designers to the fact that a topper considered "chic" by some goo-goo-eyed Stateside female is an entirely inadequate headgear for the tropics.

The cap, service (also called overseas cap) has directly resulted in more than one case of severe sunburn. I, for one, see in its lack of protection a fair bit of eye trouble in later years.

Why can't we get hats like the Aussies, who have, I think, the only suitable headgear in this theater. Damn the style, give us shade.

Netherlands East Indies —Lt. G. O. LOOMER

"All you need is a stick of gum!"

—Cpl. Tom Flannery

Strictly GI

Release for Wives. A wife in uniform whose husband is a disabled veteran of the armed forces or Merchant Marine can get a discharge on request, under the terms of a joint policy announced by the Army and the Navy. If a service wife's husband has been discharged for reasons other than disability, she may apply to get out but the success of her application will depend upon the individual policy of the branch of the armed forces she happens to be in. Any service wife stationed in the U. S. whose husband returns from overseas for TD, rest, recuperation or reassignment will be granted upon request a leave or furlough to run concurrently with his but not to exceed 45 days unless the man has been a PW. A service wife whose husband is permanently stationed in the U. S. will receive consideration only if military necessity permits.

GI Insurance. Your National Service Life Insurance is now good for eight years instead of five years under a new law recently signed by the President. Under the old law the five-year term for some holders of NSLI policies would have expired on December 31, 1945. The new law keeps these policies in effect until December 31, 1948. Policies issued after December 31, 1940, are still good for five years from the date when they were issued, plus three years additional from that date. Thus a GI who bought his policy in 1944 has until 1952 before he needs to begin worrying about reconversion. Insurance policies that have already been converted to the three plans available—ordinary life, 20-payment or 30-payment life—are not affected by the change in the law.

Pacific-Bound. One armored and nine infantry divisions, all either already back from Europe or due to return soon, are among the units slated for the Pacific. Prior to shipping out again, however, they'll regroup and train at various camps in the States. Here they are, together with their destinations once furloughs are over: Infantry—2d, Camp Swift, Texas; 4th, Camp Butner, N. C.; 5th, Camp Campbell, Ky.; 8th, Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.; 86th, Camp Gruber, Okla.; 87th, Fort Benning, Ga.; 95th, Camp Shelby, Miss.; 97th, Fort Bragg, N. C.; 104th, San Luis Obispo, Calif. Armored—13th, Camp Cooke, Calif.

Engineers in the Pacific. The First Engineer Special Brigade, shipped to the Pacific from Europe through the U. S. last February, now ranks as one of the first Army units to have seen combat in the Mediterranean, European and Pacific theaters. The unit was among the first to hit Okinawa and was in charge of beach supply operations there.

The First Brigade saw action in North Africa, Sicily and Italy and later on Utah Beach, Normandy, where it suffered 30 percent casualties. Already in the Pacific were the Second and Third Engineer Brigades, which have been carrying out shore-to-shore combat landings in the Philippines and elsewhere for many months.

Work Furloughs. Thirty-day work furloughs for 4,000 soldiers with railroad experience have been authorized by the WD in response to an urgent appeal from the nation's railways. Under Secretary of War Robert P. Patterson said the step was taken "with extreme reluctance and only because we are convinced that there is no other way to maintain the speedy flow of traffic essential to the redeployment of our forces for the war against Japan." Personnel furloughed will be used as brakemen, locomotive firemen, boilermakers, electricians, car repairmen, mechanics and machinists. Men over 30 will be favored, and no man under 26 is eligible for this type of furlough.

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LETTER TO JOE

It was a year of days, like any other,
A year of nights when the hunted heart
Panted out its fear in the baying dark
And the face that recurred in dreams
Most often was a face with numerals
And somewhere secret moving hands:
Was a year of midnight snow and lights burning:
Girls, petals of them brushing our lips
Filling our hands; jukebox music
Stained with a sailor's blood;
The river white with ice, hands frozen
To riflebutts, striding voices,
The squadroom lit with snow,
And the phone in the hallway ringing ringing
Like the insistent tender bells
In a girl's crying:
Was a year like this, like any other—

The hut's lights glow like a jack-o-lantern
In the swamp. Carnivals of fireflies
Swarm the palms. And this
Is the dog-howl of loneliness, I know:
But—kiss Detroit for me, Joe.

Philippines —S/Sgt. TROY GARRISON

IN MEMORY OF A PRESIDENT

In the first hour of grief, when the attack of spring
had flung the children on the streets, and torn the trees,
a majesty came out of doors, to shroud the sky.

Companions mourning, carry night into your house,
possess it utterly before the crest of dawn;
it holds our tears and common love for him who died.

The sleepers feel his history, the mothers fear
their watch will never end, over his mighty grave,
over a land that breeds its black solemnity.

We take his dreams into our heads, and bend like priests
and poverty before his heart—the greatest man
and soldier, lost in darkness and the hollow streets.

* * * *

Now dawn lays flowers, and the lagging sun brings out
our loss and burns our hiding eyes. The watch is done—
because his grave is now his own—and we are free.

All freedom in our blood, and births and funerals,
for which he died, torn by our loves and honored in
our fears. We were his faith and led his gallantry.

He holds us by the terms of spring. Through him the dead
will lie in grass, in roots of rain that follow on
across the acrid cities and the bloody sands.

Come out into the street, where all the children run
in violence and discovery, and share the world;
stand in the sun beside his grave, and know the land.

—Sgt. JOHN HAY

ON RAVEL'S CONCERTO FOR THE LEFT HAND

Made
for a man who lost his playing arm in war
to compensate for what a shell's steel fragment tore
was what he made it for—
the keys set smashing
all with the five left fingers bashing
into the board and rushing
armies of sound against the crowding arms of armlessness
crushing
the inarticulate but muscled mass
of silence back into a twenty-minute soundwalled pass

Ravel
did well
made for a one-armed man a one-armed thing that stands
with music made for two sound hands

we now are all left-handed
wrenched from act and sounding
by multiple slash and a jagged wounding—
we need left-handed things—this we admit if we are candid—
we have but half or less than half
what we once had—but that's enough
to play with if we get left-handed stuff

given concertos for the left hand
we can fill with bold and competent sound this shelled land
though we're one-handed

San Francisco, Calif. —Sgt. JAMES STEEL SMITH

WE will start by announcing that you'll find no gags here about how you're not seeing double, or that this is pin-up-bargain week. The simple fact is that Lee and Lyn Wilde are twins and it's up to you if you want to long for Lee or Lyn or both. Each is 20 years old, 5 feet 3 inches tall, blue-eyed and blonde and weighs 110 pounds. They have singing voices alike in tone. Their new moving picture for MGM is "Twice Blessed."

ALL AFTERNOON THE AUTUMN LIGHT

All afternoon the autumn light
Pours through the elms: the promised frost
Remote upon this lucid air
Drifts from the millpond, and the bright
Discursive peace that you had lost
Moves like a ghost through the warm square

The girl was lovely, too, you say:
And gentle, like the mourning dove
By the green pond, her colors sad
And pretty. But she mourned all day.
Troubled about the course of love,
And the sweet sounds that made her glad.

But if she gave you hope, the will
You found in her was cool and strange;
And all she chose to do was walk
Down town, or lonely, on the hill
To stare at the mild season's change;
And all she promised you was talk.

September gave you little time
For the sweet flesh and the soft hair:
But time had only sun to give
To the warm will and the earth's prime.
The indolence upon the air
Intransigent and primitive.

But so you knew her, too, and found
All of her passion strangely still
With the late ripeness that the sun
Pours now upon the autumn ground
Before the first obdurate chill
Gathers along the deep mill-run.

You see her now where the wind stirs
The burning leaves, or where you turn
To see the pond break into fire.
The light flares, and the water blurs.
She is there still, so you may learn
Something about love and desire.

AAFBU, St. Louis, Mo. —Sgt. SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

WAR POETS

THE BATTLE OF PANAMA

We served, I guess, waiting there on the jungle
hill in the hot long days and warm long nights,
waiting for maybe bombers possibly coming,
for could-be attacks perhaps about to happen.
Nothing happened. The alerts were fake or practice,
the bombers were ours, all of them. Days, it rained,
or the sun was fierce, or the captain made a speech;
nights, the moon was full, or a guard halted
an armadillo trapped and circling a gun-pit.
We sat and waited, sour but always ready
for what never happened, soldiers with no war.
In the stale days and tepid nights, O yes
we also served. But nothing happened, ever.

Puerto Rico —Sgt. LYSANDER KEMP

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND IN THE WAR

I need to be well drunk and rid of all care
Others may sleep but I must not be sleeping
For even in sleeping still the dreams are there
And the weeping

Today the sunlight glistens on his hair
But the bloated face is not of him nor the eyes
Nor the way the air is heavy with dead-man's stink
Where he lies

I will look at the naked legs of girls as I drink
There comes a silence after many glasses
And for a while I will not have to think
But the silence passes

Austria —Sgt. DAVID PERKINS

IMPROVISATION FOR A SOUTHERN NIGHT

The native's myth, as lavish as the night,
Tracks down the centuries of his half-light,
Naming the moving people of the wind
By logics that his waking cannot find.
Lacking a legend, let me improvise:

There was a lady in the moon's round house
Loved by the Sun, who, bound to other skies,
Wooed her as Sultans would, or Khans, or Shahs,
With couriers and gifts, till her jewel box
Groaned with his trinkets—and her locks.
(She had a woman's instinct for the real.)

Nightly she took his signal and his gift
Reflecting love and light, till on the wheel
Of chiming orbits came at last—the rift;
She looked too long on Mercury or Mars,
He felt his heavenly oats, and, hot with pride,
Came, bristled, threatened, flailed her hair and hide,
And flung aside her jewel box, scattering wide
The shattered shining trinkets of the stars
Lavished forever on the Southern night
When the Sun sulks down, and the lady of the light
Speaks to the native children on the sand
Beside the white man's swath burned on the land.

Well, it will do or it will have to do.
I listen, drowned in surf sound, and recall
Our angers shall outshine us after all:
We have no other prodigy left us now.
And we are planted on a coral walk
Between two surfs, above us and below:
The first extravagantly hurled on rock,
The other droning where the bombers go
Hurling their sound at cloud, themselves at space
In the enormous rift of moon and sun
And threading red light, green light on the face
Of a legend improvised by gun and gun.

And as the sun might love his arrogance,
Or moon her light, her darkness, and her loss;
I weaken toward the engines of our madness
And almost think we scatter stars across
The ukase of our bombfall down the air.

. . . Until I need your light and your despair
Across the metal crackle of the rain
To satisfy a human night again.

Marianas —S/Sgt. JOHN CIARDI

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LUCIA MONQUE of VENEZUELA: "I like soldiers from your States and wish more could be where I live."

MARTHA CASTRO of LIMA, PERU: "If all GIs are as nice as the one I know, then I'd like to see many more of them."

BLANCA SALAS of COSTA RICA: "Everywhere they go they seem to find a lot of girls. I think a lot of things about them. I can't tell you all, but I will say that they know how to make love." That's a nice way to put it.

What do you think of American soldiers?

The question was asked of these Central and South American girls by YANK's Cpl. Dick Douglass. Their answers didn't upset inter-American relations.

MARUCA and PILAR PONS of ECUADOR: These sisters had pretty much the same feeling about GIs. Pilar said: "The American boy is the biggest wolf I ever met. He is full of snow jobs, but we learn how to do snow jobs too." Maruca advised South American girls to be careful, but she thought GIs from the states were nice.

NANCY CUCOLON of PANAMA: "I think they treat girls the same way the girls treat them." Now what does Nancy mean by that?

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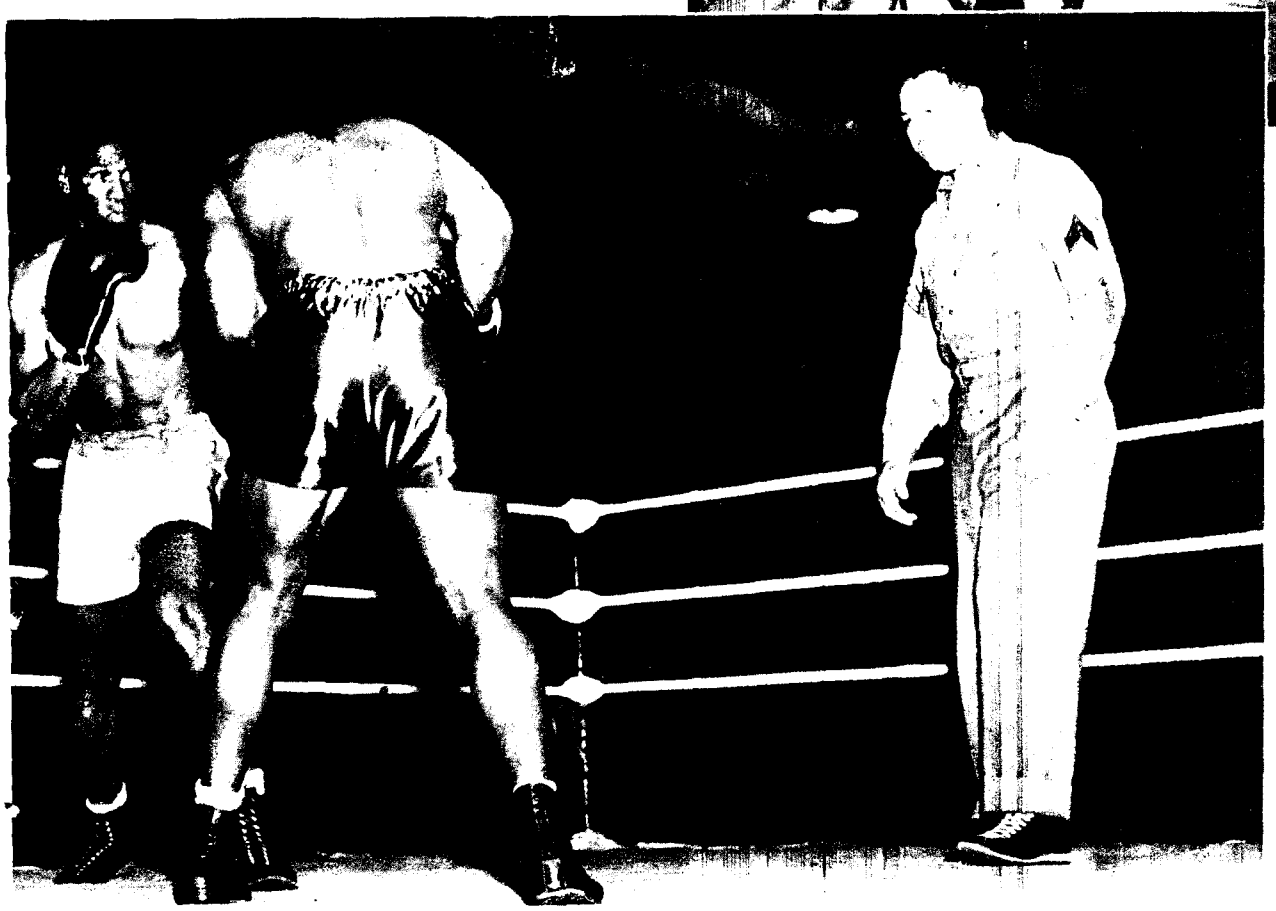
By Cpl. DICK PEEBLES
YANK Field Correspondent

SOMEWHERE IN THE ALEUTIANS—T/Sgt. Joe Louis says that his much-discussed and eagerly-awaited return bout with Billy Conn won't take place until at least three months after T/Sgt. Louis gets himself separated from the Army. When that separation will take place, T/Sgt. Louis has no idea. He has only 61 points.

A lot of people have been wondering whether or not the Brown Bomber will retire from the ring after he retires from the Army. After all, he has been boxing professionally since 1934, winning 56 out of 57 bouts, 49 of them by knockouts. He has held the heavyweight championship since June 22, 1937, longer than any other champion except the great John L. Sullivan, who reigned from 1882 to 1892. During his administration he has defended his crown more often than any previous title holder, putting it on the line 21 times and winning 19 of those championship appearances by knockouts. His total ring earnings to date are estimated at $2,263,784.

Nobody could blame Joe, therefore, if he decided to quit. But from the way he talked here recently during his tour of the Aleutians and Alaska he has no intention of quitting until after he fights Conn once more in the postwar world. He won't say whether he plans to retire after the Conn fight.

Of course, a Louis-Conn meeting after the war is too tempting a financial plum for him to ignore. Most people in boxing expect it to bring more than two million dollars into the box office. If the circumstances are right it even could rival from a money viewpoint the second Tunney-Dempsey bout in Chicago, which established an all-time high of $2,650,000. It is also reported that Mike Jacobs, the promoter, expects to get



T/Sgt. Joe Louis is the third man in the ring in this bout in the Aleutians, which Joe toured recently.

five million dollars for the Louis-Conn television rights, if television is sufficiently established throughout the land when the fight takes place.

Joe told the GIs who questioned him here that he planned to adopt the same kind of rushing tactics in his second attack on Conn as he used in his second fight with Max Schmeling.

"The last time I tried to box with him," Joe said. "This time I'm going to carry the fight to him early."

The last time, Joe knocked out Conn in the wild 13th round after it seemed as though the championship was about to change hands. The referee, Eddie Joseph, had given Conn seven of the first 12 rounds and had credited Louis with five rounds. One judge, Marty Munroe, had scored one round even, giving Conn seven and Louis four, and the other judge, Patsy Haley, had awarded six rounds to Louis and six rounds to Conn. We asked Joe if he had knocked out Conn in the 13th because he felt it was the only way he could win the fight.

"No," said Joe. "I thought I still had a chance of winning without knocking him out. But I knew I had to win those last two rounds."

The Bomber doesn't consider Conn the toughest fighter he ever faced. He reserves that honor for Max Baer. He says that Baer could take punishment better than the other heavyweights he has fought. He also says that Baer could hit harder than any of the others and that he had the best right-hand punch.

Joe says that Arturo Godoy had the most difficult style to fight against. He considers Lou Nova the biggest flop he ever encountered. The Louis board of strategy expected a lot of trouble from Nova. Instead, Joe found him a pushover and knocked him out easily in six rounds.

With the exception of Conn, the champion doesn't see anyone on the heavyweight horizon whom he considers a serious contender for his title. He believes that Jimmy Bivins, the Cleveland Negro, is the No. 1 civilian heavyweight right at the moment. Although he doesn't come right out and say so, you get the idea from talking to him that he isn't lying awake at night worrying about Bivins.

In his travels through the camps in the States and in the European and Alaska-Aleutian theaters, Joe has noticed three GIs whom he considers likely prospects.

"I saw two fellows in Italy who looked pretty good," he says. "One was a fellow from Brooklyn they called Baby Dutch. The other was Johnny Ebarb from Oakland, California. Here in the Aleutians I've seen one boy I like—Willie Brown from Omaha. All these boys have never fought as pros, understand. But they might develop after the war."

Joe seems to be in good physical condition today except for a slight excess of weight around his middle which would melt off rapidly if he went into serious training. The GIs who are travelling with him say that he won't need the three months of training that he plans to give himself before the Conn fight.

"We've watched him spar with some pretty good boys, kids who are fast punchers," one of them says. "He's still able to slip their punches. That means he's light on his feet and his eyes are good. He'll be in top condition before three months if he wants to be. Hell, he's only 31 years old."

The champ doesn't seem as dead-panned and reserved as he was in civilian life. He laughs a lot and he makes plenty of wisecracks. But then, despite his reputation for Calvin Coolidge-like taciturnity, Joe always seemed to have a talent for saying exactly the right thing at the right time. There was, for instance, his reply to a very embarrassing question put him by a foreign newspaperman during one of his Army tours. The interviewer asked him why he and other American Negroes were wearing the uniform in this war. It was pointed out that many Negroes in America were not getting all of the Four Freedoms. Why were they fighting?

Joe looked at his questioner calmly for a moment and then said, "There ain't nothing wrong with us that Mr. Hitler can fix."

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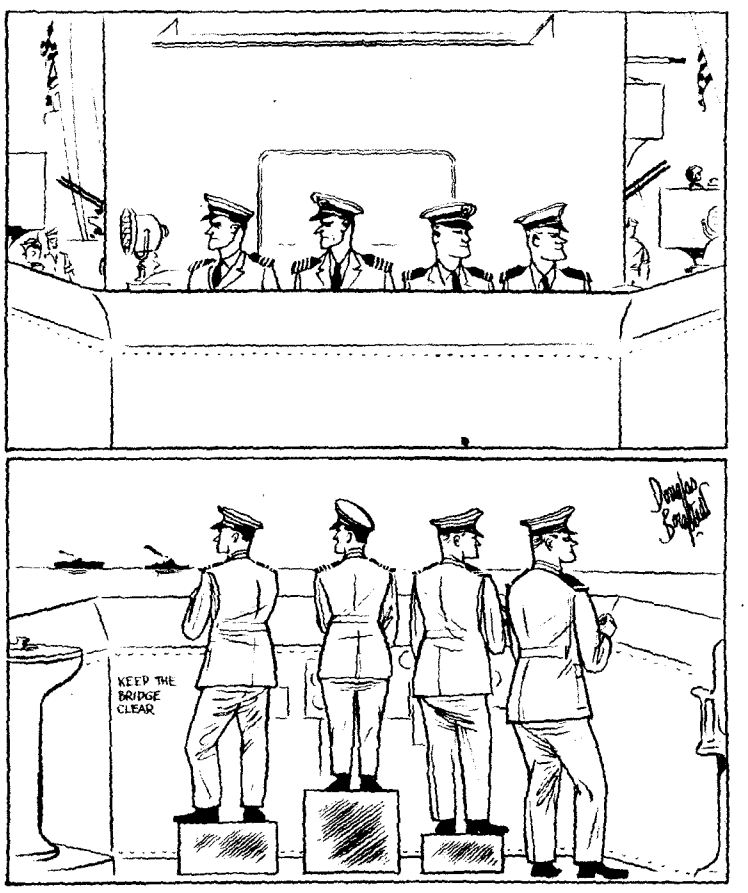
—Sgt. Arnold Thurm

"HE'S WHAT IS KNOWN AS AN ENLISTED MAN."

—Sgt. Jim Weeks



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